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AND

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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Literary Souvenir; or, Cabinet of Poetry and Romance. Edited by A. A. Watts. London, 1826. Longman, Rees, Orme, and Co.; and J. Andrews.

ALREADY have we reviewed two of these annual offerings, which have become so popular amongst us; and in our last *Gazette* also briefly mentioned the literary and graphic merits of this elegant volume, which takes a high and leading rank in the array of such works, either in England or upon the Continent. The talents of the Editor are not only apparent in the abundance and quality of his miscellaneous materials, and in their selection,—but in the original compositions from his own pen, which are marked by great feeling and grace. A man ought to have taste and abilities in himself, to be competent to choose and arrange the effusions of taste and abilities in others; and it is to the possession of these that we attribute the excellence which is so obvious in the *Souvenir*. The poetry and prose with which it is filled are generally of a superior order; and in the plates, it seems to us that both painters and engravers have been spurred to the top of their metal. Alexander visiting Diogenes, by Martin, and etched by E. Finden, is one of the noblest and most masterly designs we ever witnessed; so much in so small a compass is incredible, and the print must be seen to be justly appreciated. A portrait of Lord Byron, taken in 1822, by Mr. West, a rising American artist, engraved by F. Engleheart, is also a striking feature of the work. It is vouched for as a capital likeness by persons intimate with his lordship at that late period of his life; yet it differs exceedingly from all preceding portraits, and certainly does not realise the *beau ideal* of intellect and poetical inspiration. It is, however, perfectly in consonance with the artist's description.

"My reverence," says Mr. West, in an account of his first interview with Lord Byron, "for Lord Byron's genius made me almost afraid to encounter him. I expected to see a person somewhat thin and swarthy, with a high forehead, and black, curly hair, a stern countenance, and lofty and reserved manners, perhaps a black mantle and a diamond-hilted dagger. I thought, moreover, to hear the most common topics of conversation uttered with the purest, eloquence, if not in poetry: I was much surprised to find almost the reverse. His manners were altogether without ceremony; his person inclining to fat, and apparently effeminate; his complexion delicate, his eyes light blue or gray, and his hair dark brown, combed smoothly over his forehead, and falling with a few curls down about his neck. He was dressed in a sky-blue bombasin or camel frock coat, with a cape descending over his shoulders, boots and pantaloons, and had, indeed, a considerable deal of the dandy in his appearance."

The other plates are of various kinds,—landscape, fancy, and poetical subjects. Mr. How-

ard's beautiful Girl in a Florentine costume (his own fair daughter, we believe), engraved by C. Heath, is a sweet ornament. A Spanish Lady, by Newton, engraved by J. H. Robinson, is also very characteristic. Auld Robin Gray, by E. Farrier, engraver Romney, is a charming design; and Cupid and Psyche, by West, quite a bewitching little production. Of the landscapes, we need only say they are by Turner and Copley Fielding; and, with the *Concubina* by Eastlake, engraved in a capital style. Having disposed of the picture part, it is no easy matter, from so numerous a collection of tempting articles as are found here, to exemplify the literary portion of the *Souvenir*. As we have Lord Byron's portrait, we shall, however, accompany it by a poetical associate not unworthy of the genius of the original, as presented to an eye inspired with admiration of his wonderful endowments, and seeking with a generous spirit to forget his errors.

Stanzas written beneath the Portrait of Lord Byron painted by Mr. West. By L. E. L.

" 'Tis with strange feelings that I gaze
Upon this brow of thine,
Magnificent as if the laid
Herself had carved her shrine;
An altar into which was given
The flowers of earth, the light of heaven.

At the first glance, that eye is proud,
But, if I read aright,
A fountain of sweet tears lies hid
Beneath its beaming light:
Tenderness, like a gushing rill
Subdued, repress, but flowing still.

That lip is curled with smothered smile,—
Alas! what dost it prove?
Not in the warfare of the world
Are lessons taught of love:
So much is there hard to be borne,
The heart must either break or scorn.

And differently the poison works
On every diffusing mind,
Some grow false as the false they blamed,
And thus 'tis with mankind:
But there are some whose loftier mood
Grows madden'd on such things to brood.

The young warm heart whose faith and love
Were all too prompt at first,
What must it feel when these are turn'd
To darkness and distrust?
Wormwood to know that heart has been
Dupe of the false, prey of the mean.

Such will not ask for sympathy,
Knowing they ask in vain,—
Nor yield to softer feelings way,
To be deceived again;
And bitter laugh and scornful sneer
Become at once their shield and spear.

Such, methinks, was the destiny
That threw its chill o'er thee:
Thou hadst mixed with the false, till all
Seem'd but alike to be.
Could not the workings of thine heart
Another holier creed impart?

I read it in thy gifted page,
In every noble thought,
Each lofty feeling and sweet song
With tenderness deep fraught:
For there thine earnest soul was shown,
Their truth, their beauty, were thine own.

For out on the vain worldling's speech,
Which saith the poet's skill
But sets forth feelings he has not,
Work'd up, wrought out at will,
What knows he of that sacred feeling?
He hath no part in its revealing.

And if sometimes he is not all
That his own song has sung,
It is but part of that great curse
Which still to earth has clung:
Who'er has seen, who yet shall see,
Himself as he deemed he could be?

The mind can win eternity
With its immortal name;
But all too often happiness
Is the price paid for fame:
For not a barbed shaft can fly
But aims to strike the mark on high.

Oh, if there be one sullied page
Unworthy of thy name,
The weakness of a mighty one,
To dwell on it were shame.
Were cruelty,—when thy fine mind
Has left such nobler store behind!

But thou art with the dead—thy life
In such a cause was given,
Most glorious in the sight of man,
Precious in that of heaven.
Marathon and Thermopylae
Such soil was fitting grave for thee!

Oh, England! to thy young and brave
Is not this stirring call,
To free the fallen from the chain,
To break the tyrant's thrall?
His life has not been spent in vain,
If Greece shall burst the Moslem chain.

The volume opens with a neat sketch by Washington Irving; it is called the Contented Man; and we trust our readers will not be discontented by seeing it transferred to our page.

"In the garden of the Tuilleries there is a sunny corner under the wall of a terrace, which fronts the south. Along the wall is a range of benches commanding a view of the walks and avenues of the garden. This genial nook is a place of great resort in the latter part of autumn, and in fine days in winter, as it seems to retain the flavour of departed summer. On a calm, bright morning it is quite alive with nursery-maids and their playful little charges. Hither also resort a number of ancient ladies and gentlemen, who, with laudable thrift in small pleasures and small expenses, for which the French are to be noted, come here to enjoy sunshine and save firewood. Here may often be seen some cavalier of the old school, when the sunbeams have warmed his blood into something like a glow, flitting about like a frost-bitten moth thawed before the fire, putting forth a feeble show of gallantry among the antiquated dames; and now and then eying the buxom nursery-maids with what might almost be mistaken for an air of libertinism. Among the habitual frequenters of this place, I had often remarked an old gentleman, whose dress was decidedly anti-revolutional. He wore the three-cornered cocked hat of the *ancien regime*; his hair was frizzed over each ear into *ailes de pigeon*, a style strongly avouring of Bourbonism; and a queue stuck out behind, the loyalty of which was not to be disputed. His dress, though ancient, had an air of decayed gentility; and I observed that he took his snuff out of an elegant though old-fashioned gold box. He appeared to be the most popular man on the walk. He had a compliment for every old lady, he kissed every child, and he patted every little dog on the head; for children and little dogs are very important members of society in France. I must observe, however,

that he seldom kissed a child, without, at the same time, pinching the nursery-maid's cheek; a Frenchman of the old school never forgets his devoirs to the sex. I had taken a liking to this old gentleman. There was an habitual expression of benevolence in his face, which I have very frequently remarked in these relics of the politer days of France. The constant interchange of those thousand little courtesies which imperceptibly sweeten life, have a happy effect upon the features, and spread a mellow evening charm over the wrinkles of old age. Where there is a favourable predisposition, one soon forms a kind of tacit intimacy by often meeting on the same walks. Once or twice I accommodated him with a bench, after which we touched hats on passing each other; at length we got so far as to take a pinch of snuff together out of his box, which is equivalent to eating salt together in the East; from that time our acquaintance was established. I now became his frequent companion in his morning promenades, and derived much amusement from his good-humoured remarks on men and manners. One morning, as we were strolling through an alley of the Tuilleries, with the autumnal breeze whirling the yellow leaves about our path, my companion fell into a peculiarly communicative vein, and gave me several particulars of his history. He had once been wealthy, and possessed of a fine estate in the country, and a noble hotel in Paris; but the Revolution, which effected so many disastrous changes, stripped him of every thing. He was secretly denounced by his own steward, during a sanguinary period of the Revolution, and a number of the bloodhounds of the Convention were sent to arrest him. He received private intelligence of their approach in time to effect his escape. He landed in England without money or friends, but considered himself singularly fortunate in having his head upon his shoulders; several of his neighbours having been guillotined as a punishment for being rich. When he reached London he had but a louis in his pocket, and no prospect of getting another. He ate a solitary dinner on beefsteak, and was almost poisoned by port wine, which from its colour he had mistaken for claret. The dingy look of the chop-house, and of the little mahogany-coloured box in which he ate his dinner, contrasted sadly with the gay saloons of Paris. Every thing looked gloomy and disheartening. Poverty stared him in the face; he turned over the few shillings he had of change; did not know what was to become of him; and—went to the theatre! He took his seat in the pit, listened attentively to a tragedy of which he did not understand a word, and which seemed made up of fighting, and stabbing, and scene-shifting; and began to feel his spirits sinking within him; when, casting his eyes into the orchestra, what was his surprise to recognise an old friend and neighbour in the very net of extorting music from a huge violoncello. As soon as the evening's performance was over, he tapped his friend on the shoulder; they kissed each other on each cheek, and the musician took him home, and shared his lodgings with him. He had learned music as an accomplishment; by his friend's advice he now turned to it as a means of support. He procured a violin, offered himself for the orchestra, was received; and again considered himself one of the most fortunate men upon earth. Here therefore he lived for many years during the ascendancy of the terrible Napoleon. He found several emigrants living like himself by the exercise of their talents. They associated

together, talked of France and of old times, and endeavoured to keep up a semblance of Parisian life in the centre of London. They dined at a miserable cheap French restaurateur's in the neighbourhood of Leicester-square, where they were served with a caricature of French cookery. They took their promenade in St. James's Park, and endeavoured to fancy it the Tuilleries; in short, they made shift to accommodate themselves to every thing but an English Sunday. Indeed the old gentleman seemed to have nothing to say against the English, whom he affirmed to be *braves gens*; and he mingled so much among them, that at the end of twenty years he could speak their language almost well enough to be understood. The downfall of Napoleon was another epoch in his life. He had considered himself a fortunate man to make his escape penniless out of France, and he considered himself fortunate to be able to return penniless into it. It is true that he found his Parisian hotel had passed through several hands during the vicissitudes of the times, so as to be beyond the reach of recovery; but then he had been noticed benignantly by government, and had a pension of several hundred francs, upon which, with careful management, he lived independently, and, as far as I could judge, happily. As his once splendid hotel was now occupied as a *hôtel garni*, he hired a small chamber in the attic; it was but, as he said, changing his bedroom up two pair of stairs—he was still in his own house. His room was decorated with pictures of several beauties of former times, with whom he professed to have been on favourable terms: among them was a favourite opera-dancer, who had been the admiration of Paris at the breaking out of the Revolution. She had been a protégée of my friend, and one of the few of his youthful favourites who had survived the lapse of time and its various vicissitudes. They had renewed their acquaintance, and she now and then visited him; but the beautiful Psyche, once the fashion of the day, and the idol of the *parterre*, was now a shrivelled, little old woman, warped in the back, and with a hooked nose. The old gentleman was a devout attendant upon levees: he was most zealous in his loyalty, and could not speak of the royal family without a burst of enthusiasm; for he still felt towards them as his companions in exile. As to his poverty, he made light of it, and, indeed, had a good-humoured way of consoling himself for every cross and privation. If he had lost his chateau in the country, he had half a dozen royal palaces, as it were, at his command. He had Versailles and St. Cloud for his country resorts, and the shady alleys of the Tuilleries and the Luxembourg for his town recreation. Thus all his promenades and relaxations were magnificent, yet cost nothing. When I walk through these fine gardens, said he, I have only to fancy myself the owner of them, and they are mine. All these gay crowds are my visitors; and I defy the grand signior himself to display a greater variety of beauty. Nay, what is better, I have not the trouble of entertaining them. My estate is a perfect *Sans Souci*, where every one does as he pleases, and no one troubles the owner. All Paris is my theatre, and presents me with a continual spectacle. I have a table spread for me in every street, and thousands of waiters ready to fly at my bidding. When my servants have waited upon me I pay them, discharge them, and there's an end; I have no fears of their wronging or pilfering me when my back is turned. Upon the whole, said the old gentleman, with a smile of infinite good humour, when I think upon the various

risks I have run, and the manner in which I have escaped them; when I recollect all that I have suffered, and consider all that I at present enjoy,—I cannot but look upon myself as a man of singular good fortune. Such was the brief history of this practical philosopher; and it is a picture of many a Frenchman ruined by the Revolution. The French appear to have a greater facility than most men in accommodating themselves to the reverses of life, and of extracting honey out of the bitter things of this world. The first shock of calamity is apt to overwhelm them; but when it is once past, their natural buoyancy of feeling soon brings them again to the surface. This may be called the result of levity of character, but it answers the end of reconciling us to misfortune; and if it be not true philosophy, it is something almost as efficacious. Ever since I have heard the story of my little Frenchman, I have treasured it up in my heart; and I thank my stars I have at length found, what I had long considered as not to be found on earth—a contented man.—P. S. There is no calculating on human happiness. Since writing the foregoing, the law of indemnity has been passed, and my friend restored to a great part of his fortune. I was absent from Paris at the time, but on my return hastened to congratulate him. I found him magnificently lodged on the first floor of his hotel. I was ushered, by a servant in livery, through splendid saloons, to a cabinet richly furnished, where I found my little Frenchman reclining on a couch. He received me with his usual cordiality; but I saw the gaiety and benevolence of his countenance had fled: he had an eye full of care and anxiety. I congratulated him on his good fortune. 'Good fortune!' echoed he; 'bah! I have been plundered of a princely fortune, and they give me a pittance as an indemnity.' Alas! I found my late poor and contented friend one of the richest and most miserable men in Paris. Instead of rejoicing in the ample competency restored to him, he is daily repining at the superfluity withheld. He no longer wanders in happy idleness about Paris,—but is a repining attendant in the ante-chambers of ministers. His loyalty has evaporated with his gaiety; he screws his mouth when the Bourbons are mentioned, and even shrugs his shoulders when he hears the praises of the king. In a word, he is one of the many philosophers undone by the law of indemnity, and his case is desperate; for I doubt whether even another reverse of fortune, which should restore him to poverty, could make him again a happy man."

The Breeze from the Shore, and several other pieces by Mrs. Hemans, are in her best manner. The first is followed by a pretty ballad, by Cunningham, to whose pen we are also indebted for a bold strain, the British Sword. A Retrospective Review, by Mr. T. Hood, is so delightful a mixture of playfulness and pathos, that though we have that gentleman before us (in our next No.) as the author of a separate volume, we cannot resist the temptation to quote this happy morsel.

"Oh when I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing!—
But now those past delights I drop.
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord."

With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipp'd his string,
Forgotten all his caperings,
And harness'd to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
Whilst I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high!

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My nights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never comes with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro;—
My archery is all unlearn'd,
And grief against myself has turn'd
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task;
My head's ne'er out of school;
My heart is pain'd with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh;—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue, or so serene
As thine—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the playground tree!
All things I loved are alter'd now,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that mark'd the boy,
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well inked with black and red;
The crowlous hat, ne'er deem'd an ill—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh, for the rilsand round the neck!
The careless dog's ears apt to deck
My look and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small boer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even I—ah, that small Turk
That tagg'd me!—worse is now my work—
A fig for all the town!

Oh, for the lessons learn'd by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark these hours again;
I'd kiss the rod, and be resign'd
Beneath the stroke, and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed,
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walk'd
In all my dreams, and look'd and talk'd
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The omne bene—Christmas come!
The prize of merit, won for home—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach—
The joyous shout—the loud approach—
The winding horns like rams!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,
The sweetmeats almost sweetlier still,
No 'satis' to the 'jams'!—

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blithe and kind!—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the teardrop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

It is curious enough to observe that the least interesting performances in the volume have the most celebrated names attached to them; but we will not particularise them, as their inferiority must occur to every one. The author of *Lights and Shadows* has a story of death and morbid religion; Miss Benger, a clever tale of chivalry; Southey, Sotheby, Campbell, short pieces; Montgomery, a pretty fanciful piece, the *Adventure of a Star*; Barry Cornwall, fine

Stanzas on the Sea-Shore; Galt, the Witch, an extremely well-turned anecdote; L. E. L., the *Minstrel's Monitor*, a delightful little poem, and other productions of her versatile Muse; Miss Mitford, an Acted Charade, very dramatic, and a Rural Sketch in her own style. But why should we thus enumerate? Suffice it to tell, that besides those we have already mentioned, and others whose names do not appear, Miss Holford, Miss A. M. and Miss J. Porter, Miss Roberts, Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Baron Wilson, Mrs. Conder, and Mrs. Howitt; Lord G. La Gower, Lord Porchester, the Hon. and Rev. Mr. Howard, Mr. Bowles, Mr. Dale, Mr. Doubleday, Messrs. Shee, C. Croker, Atherton, Neale, Praed, H. Smith, Sheridan, W. Roscoe, Hogg, Carrington, Buckingham, Richardson, Bowring, T. Pringle, Conder, Howitt, Malcolm, Barnard, Balfour, Bird, and a long *et cetera*, have contributed in almost every way to fill up this pleasant miscellany. And after all, we would say, Martin's picture is worth the price of the volume; so take all the rest, and the literature too, into the bargain! We shall merely append a variety or two, rendered fitting by their brevity for our further purposes.

Sea-Shore Stanzas. By Barry Cornwall.

"Methinks I fain would lie by the lone sea,
And hear the water's white music weave;
Methinks it were a pleasant thing to grieve,
So that our sorrows might companioned be
By that strange harmony
Of winds and billows, and the living sound
Sent down from heaven when the thunder speaks
Unto the listening shores and torrent creeks.
When the swells of sea doth strive to burst its bound!
Methinks, when tempests come and kiss the ocean,
Until the vast and terrible billows wake,
I see the writhing of that curled snake
Which men of old believed, and my emotion
Warreth within me, till the fable reigns
God of my fancy, and my curdling veins
Do homage to that serpent old
Which clapt the great world in its fold,
And brooded over earth and the unknown sea,
Like endless, restless, drear eternity!"

The Minstrel's Monitor. By L. E. L.

"Silent and dark as the source of yon river,
Whose birth-place we know not, and seek not to know,
Though wild as the fountains of the swift mountain quiver,
Is the course of its waves as in music they flow.
The lily flings o'er it its silver white blossom,
Like ivory herbs which a fairy hath made;
The rose o'er it bends with its beautiful bosom,
As though 'twere enamour'd itself of its shade.

The sunshine, like Hope, in its noontide hour slumbers
On the stream, as it loved the bright place of its rest;
And its waves pass in joy, as the sea shells' soft numbers
Had given to those waters their sweetest and best.

The banks that surround it are flower-dropt and sunny;
There the first birth of violets' odour-showers weep—
There the bee heaps his earliest treasure of honey,
Or sinks in the depths of the harebell to sleep.

Like prisoners escaped during night from their prison,
The waters fling gaily their spray to the sun!
Who can tell me from whence that glad river has risen?
Who can say whence it springs in its beauty?—not one.

Oh my heart, and my song which is as my heart's flowing,
Read thy fate in yon river, for such is thine own!
Mid those the chief waters of life are flowing,
Who cares for the lips from whence issue the tone!

Dark as its birth-place so dark is my spirit,
Whence yet the sweet waters of melody come;
'Tis the long after-course, not the source, will inherit
The beauty and glory of sunshine and fame."

The Visionary. By Horace Smith.

"Oh! do not with cold sneers enchain,
Nor circumscribe with rules pedantic,
Those flights of soul that worldlings call
Wild, visionary, and romantic!—
For yearnings after hidden things,
Imaginative aspirations,
And dim, fantastic shadowings
Of superhuman revelations,—
And communings with nature, till
The mind is lost in dreams seraphic,—
Though they unfit it to fulfil
The sordid drudgeries of traffic,
The soul from all debasement clear
Of Vice's dross or earthly leaven,
And if they tempt it from its sphere,
At least solicit it to Heaven.

Happy! who can the fence o'erleap!
By which this scene of care is bounded;
And when he feels his courage halt,
His mind perplexed, his spirit wounded,
Can conjure up a world more fair,
By intellectual necromancy,
Luxuriate in Elysium rare,
And taste the Paradise of Fancy!"

Stanzas for Music. By the Rev. T. Dale.

"O, breathe no more that simple air,
Though soft and sweet thy wild notes swell,
To me the only tale they tell
Is cold despair!—
I heard it once from lips no fair,
I heard it in as sweet a tone,—
Now I am left on earth alone,
And she is—where?"

How have those well-known sounds renewed
The dreams of earlier, happier hours,
When life—a desert now—was strew'd
With fairy-flowers!—

Then all was bright, and fond, and fair,—
Now flowers are faded, joys are dead,
And heart and hope are with the dead,
For she is—where?"

Can I then love the air she breath'd?
Can I then hear the melting strain
Which brings her to my soul again
Calm and unmoved?—
And thou to blame my tears forbear;
For while I list, sweet maid! to thee,
Remembrance whispers, 'such was she,'—
And she is—where?"

The Skylark. By Mrs. Josiah Conder.

"With fluttering start, in silence, from her nest
The skylark breaks!—then, steadily, upward soars,
And with melodious trill her pulsing notes
To earth, in hues of full-flushed summer dress:
Now, poised on moveless wing, she seems to rest.
Careless what bird, beneath the airy height,
May cross her path with horizontal flight,
The measured lay she breathes!—then, like a guest
Singing to other spheres, is lost in light.
Till, fondly lured, she turns her faithful breast
Downward, through fields of blue. The warbled strain
Near and more near the swells!—then, hushed again,
Falls, like a shadow, from the sunny dome,
And chants her three wild notes to welcome home."

We conclude with what we hardly think to be Lord Byron's, though ascribed to him on circumstantial evidence, or rather supposition.

Lines written in the Livre des Esprangers of the Unions Hotel at Chaux-de-Fonds. By the late Lord Byron.

"How many number'd, and how few agreed
In age, in time, in character, or creed!
Here wandering Genius leaves an unknown name,
And Folly writes—for others do the same;
Italian trachery and English pride,
Dutch craft and German dulness, side by side;
The hardy Russian tells congenial snow;
The Spaniard shivers as the brook's blue flow.
Know we the objects of this varied crew—
To stare how many, and to feel how few!
Here Nature's child, ecstatic from her school,
And travelling problems that admire by rule!
The timorous poet waxes his modest Muse,
And thanks his stars he's safe from all reviews;
The pedant drags from out his modest store
A line some humiliated hills have heard before;
Here critics too (for where's a tale happy spot
So bless'd by nature as to have them not?)
Spit their vile slaver o'er some simple phrase
Of foolish wonder, or of honest praise—
Some pompous hint, some comment on mine host,
Some direful failure, or some empty boast!
Not blacker speck could fill these furious men
If Jeffrey's soul had perch'd on Gifford's pen!
Here envy, hatred, and the fool of fame,
Join'd in one act of wonder when they came!
Here beauty's worshippers in flesh or rock,
The incarnate fancy and the breathing block,
Sees the white giant, in his robe of light,
Stretch his huge form to look o'er Juno's height;
And stops when hastening to the blast remains
And hides his beauties of more classic plain!
And here whims Hope beguiling bids to wait
Ease for his breast and colour for his cheek,
Still steals a moment from *Assommoir's* sky,
And looks and wonders on his way—*no die!*
But he, the author of these idle lines,
What passion leads him and what the confidant?
For him what friend is true, what mistress blooms?
What joy elates him, or what grief consumes?
Impassion'd, senseless, vigorous, or old,
What matters?—bootless were his story told,
Some praise at least one act of sense may claim—
He wrote these verses, but he velled his name."

Chronological History and Graphic Illustrations of Christian Architecture in England; embracing a Critical Inquiry into the Rise, Progress, and Perfection of this Species of Architecture, &c. &c. By J. Britton, F.S.A. &c. [This second title explains what is novel and distinct in this original and supplementary volume of]

Britton's Architectural Antiquities of Great Britain, Vol. 5. Illustrated with eighty-six Engravings. 4to. London, 1826. Longman and Co.; J. Taylor; and the Author.

HIGHLY as we have estimated Mr. Britton's talents, industry, perseverance, and zeal, we confess that this volume has astonished us. Instead of being only a portion, and in size a small portion too, of his valuable labours, we should have thought it sufficient to have occupied a large space in his or any man's life, however sedulously addressed to the pursuit of a favourite object.* There is an immense mass of information,—topographical, antiquarian, architectural, literary, general: the plates are at once correct and beautiful: and the whole does infinite credit to the author. The contents are indeed extremely miscellaneous; the research and references conspicuous for diligence; and the eighty-six plates, many of them embracing several subjects, so copiously illustrative of the early masonry of every kind in England, that we should consider them, alone, to form a grammar and source of study of great value to the antiquary and architect. Specimens of Roman remains,—walls, gateways, towers, arches,—Saxon churches—doorways, windows, sections, plans, elevations; abbeys; fonts, figures, pinnacles, spandrels, panels, piscinas, grotesque capitals and ornaments; Gothic and Norman cathedrals, and edifices of various kinds;—specimens of all these, we repeat, taken with great accuracy and etched with corresponding care, form a rich store of various styles for scientific and learned consideration. Nor should we leave the names of the artists to whom we are indebted for them, under the author's direction, unrecorded, though some of them are now beyond the voice of praise or blame. To the drawings we observe the signatures of J. Carter and C. F. Porden; of A. Pugin, S. Prout, G. and R. Catmole, F. and G. Mackenzie, E. Blore, A. P. Moore, J. A. Repton, W. H. Bartlett, T. Baxter, E. Pretty, Alexander, Dr. Fitton, and the author himself: and the engravers' tasks have been very ably performed by J. Le Keux, R. Sands, H. Moses, S. Rawle, E. Turrell, James Carter, B. Bosley, C. Gladwin, R. Roffe, C. Varrall, and T. Ranson. From these names it may be surmised in how skillful a manner the illustrations are executed; and it is, unhappily, all the idea of them which our pen and meigs can furnish. With regard to the letter-press we are more at home, and to that we shall accordingly now turn our attention.

We observe that Mr. Britton is very desirous to give a new name to the *architecture* which his work is addressed to elucidate, viz. that of "*Christian Architecture*;" which he considers to be infinitely more apposite than the commonly received appellation of *Gothic*. That "*Gothic*" is not an appropriate term, we are ready to acknowledge; but that "*Christian*" is an entirely correct one to supersede it, we do not feel convinced, even by Mr. Britton's arguments. The architecture of the middle ages was of extreme variety, and these the author endeavours to comprehend under five

divisions, rejecting the *Tedesca* of Vasari, the *Gottica* of Palladio, the *Gothic* and *Saracenic* of Wren, the short-lived "*English*" of the Antiquarian Society, the round-arched *Saxon*, and the larger *Norman*, the *Plantagenet*, and all the varieties of these styles, pointed, ornamental, florid, &c. &c. But our impression is, that no generic name can comprehend the multitude of manners which mark different periods of our architecture, and that we must be content to recognise them either by centuries or by particular qualities:—it may be *British*, *Roman*, *Saxon*, *Danish*, *Norman*; or it may be *dates*, the reign of a William or an Edward; or it may be *style*, circular, pointed, both joined, plain, decorated, &c.: but, in truth, the edifices must be defined to be understood, and every term yet invented as a general term, (including, as we think, Mr. Britton's "*Christian*") is of necessity vague and unintelligible; and Mr. Britton's various and interesting quotations of authorities for and against, on this subject, supply the strongest reasons for coming to this conclusion. For ourselves, we firmly believe that every original style of architecture was produced by copying after the forms of rude natural materials:—Grecian capitals from sacrificial horns and wreaths of flowers,—pointed as well as round arches from plants bent into bowers or arbour-temple,—round windows from flowers,—columns and clustered pillars from single or united stems,—the fluted column perhaps from fasciculi of sticks—and that thus the same first simple styles may have originated not each in one country, but in many; and that the distinctive alterations afterwards made may perhaps be fixed by antiquarian research—the beginning never. Mr. Britton's analysis of the subject, however, is full of information.

The second chapter carries on the inquiry into the history and progress of religious edifices in Britain. Of Roman works there are few vestiges left; and the Saxons, who succeeded them, were barbarians, from whom, in their earlier period, no sacred erections could be expected. Wicker-work and wood were probably almost the sole materials employed in church building till the time of the Norman Conquest. But some of the larger institutions were certainly of stone; such as Hexham, Croylad, &c.

With respect to the introduction of the pointed arch, and its being engrafted as a system on Norman and Anglo-Norman works in this country, Mr. B. thinks it was not later than the commencement of Stephen's reign, or about A. D. 1135; though its incidental use existed before, as in St. Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, founded by Rohere in 1123. This agrees pretty well with Dr. Milner's theory; but M. de Gerville has lately shewn (see *Literary Gazette* of Sept. 30th, page 618), that the pointed arch prevailed in the church of Mortain, and part of that of Contances, half a century earlier; and there can be no doubt but that England must have been contemporary with Normandy in such alterations of style. Towards the end of the twelfth, and throughout the thirteenth century, this style prevailed over all others, and from this date many of our finest specimens yet remain to adorn the country.

From the time of Edward I. to Richard II., Mr. Britton denotes as the second period of the pointed style, when grace, elegance of proportion, richness of decoration without exuberance, and skill in execution, lifted the masonic art in this manner to the highest perfection. It was now that the spire, one of the greatest of architectural beauties, became common.

From Richard II. we may date the decline of this noble art; for this third period embraces

the florid Gothic, and all the monsters of debased Italian or Roman schools. The arches became depressed or obtuse; heraldic enrichments were superabundantly laid on; and the windows were enlarged, till, as Milner says, the structures looked like glass lanterns. How different from the grand and soul-subduing dim religious gloom of the preceding era!

After discussing these matters in a very impartial and able manner, Mr. Britton gives us descriptive accounts of the multitude of buildings and portions of buildings which he has delineated in the fine prints accompanying his volume. These are replete with historical intelligence and antiquarian anecdote. To these, however, we can only refer, and must now take our leave of this admirable volume, which will hand down the author's name with honour to posterity, as a monument of indefatigable industry and an ardent love of knowledge. We consider his country to be deeply indebted to Mr. Britton, not only for what he has done, but for the example he has set. We have heard him decried (as who is not in these liberal and gentlemanlike times?); but the rare instance of an individual starting from his rank in society, and distinguishing himself by such works as Mr. Britton has produced and caused to be produced, will be sufficient testimony to all candid minds, that he must be a man of superior talent as well as uncommon enthusiasm in a praiseworthy pursuit. We have only to add, that this volume, though marked as V., may be considered as a distinct separate work, and one which its indexes and tables render of very high value.

German Stories. Selected by R. P. Gillies, Esq. 3 volumes. Blackwood, Edinburgh; T. Cadell, London. 1826.

IN spite of all that can be said about morbid imagination, ghostly horrors, foolish fears, and literary nightmares, and though the volumes before us are full of them; nevertheless, whatever we ought to do critically, we cannot conscientiously refuse to express our entire conviction that the tales to which we now call our readers' attention are calculated for great popularity. "Men are but children of a larger growth;" and in nothing do they keep up the resemblance more than in the privilege and pleasure they retain to the last of being frightened. These legends are essentially German; and the Germans, whether owing to that fervid imagination which believes the terror it has created, or to whatever other cause physicians or metaphysicians may choose to ascribe it,—the Germans are the best narrators of a tale of dark and mysterious murder, or one of spiritual and shadowy intercourse. The *Crystal Dagger* and *Oath and Conscience* are most excellent specimens of the former power; while the *Spectre Bride*, the *Warning*, &c. are excellent evidence of the latter. And in giving an extract from the last but one of these, we beg it may be perused some dark, rainy night; all the rest of the house in bed and asleep; with the candles properly unsnuffed; and if in an old country house, so much the better.

* The son of a very rich nobleman, whom I shall now designate only by his Christian name Felippo, had, during his residence at Leghorn—which town he had visited on account of some inheritance that devolved on him—paid his addresses to a beautiful young girl, obtained the consent of her relations, and being for the present under the necessity of revisiting Venice, he promised that he would, in a very short time, come again to Leghorn, in order to celebrate a

* It has been eight years in progress.

marriage with his beloved Clara. Their attachment seemed mutual; and their parting was even frightfully solemn. After they had exhausted the power of words in reciprocal protestations and vows, Felippo invoked the avenging powers of darkness to bring destruction on his own head if he should be unfaithful, and wished that his intended bride should not even find rest in the grave if he deserted her, but follow him still to claim his love, and extort it from him in another world. When these words were uttered, Clara's parents were seated at table with the lovers. They recollected their own early life, and did not attempt to stop these romantic effusions, which at last were carried so far, that the young people both wounded themselves in the left arm, and mingled their blood in a glass of white champagne. 'Inseparable as these red drops have now become, shall our souls and our fates be for ever!' cried Felippo. He drank half the wine, and gave the rest to Clara, who pledged him without hesitation.

"On his return to Venice, a young beauty had just made her appearance there, who had hitherto been educated at a distant convent, but now suddenly emerged like an angel from the clouds, and excited the admiration of the whole city. Felippo's parents, who had heard of Clara, but looked on his adventure with her as only one of those love affairs which may be made up one day and forgotten on the next, introduced their son to this young stranger. Camilla, for this was her name, was distinguished not only for her beauty, but for her wealth and high birth. Representations were made to Felippo, what influence he might gain in the state by means of an alliance with her. The licentious gaiety of the carnival, which now drew on, favoured his addresses; and in a short time the recollection of his engagement at Leghorn was almost banished from his mind."

The day of their marriage arrives, which is, however, put off by the sudden illness of the clergyman; and the day is devoted to solemn festival and betrothing.

"Already, at an early hour in the morning, the gondoliers, in their gayest apparel, were in waiting; and a brilliant party, with bands of music, all rejoicing in confident expectations, set out on their voyage to the bride's country house. At the dinner banquet, which was protracted till late in the evening, rings were, as usual, interchanged between the lovers; but no sooner had that ceremony taken place, than a most horrible piercing shriek was heard by the whole party with astonishment—by the bridegroom, with a cold shuddering through every limb. Every one started up and ran to the windows, for the voice seemed to come from without; but, though the twilight still rendered objects visible, it was impossible to discover any cause for this extraordinary alarm.

"Soon after this unaccountable disturbance, I happened to request of the bride, who sat opposite to me, that I might be allowed to look again at her marriage-ring, which was of very beautiful workmanship; she nodded assent, but, to her great consternation, it was no longer on her finger. Search was diligently made—all rose to give their assistance for that purpose, but in vain; the ring was irretrievably gone! The hour, meanwhile, drew near at which the evening amusements were to commence. The masked ball was to be preceded by a very brilliant display of fireworks on the river. The party arrayed themselves, in the first place, in their fancy dresses, and entered their gondolas. But the silence that prevailed among them all was, on such an occasion, most

extraordinary; they could not possibly recover their spirits. The fireworks were admirable, yet, notwithstanding their success, only a feeble 'bravo' was heard now and then among the spectators. The ball, too, was one of the most brilliant that I have ever witnessed. The dresses were magnificent, and so loaded with diamonds, that the light of the countless wax candles was reflected through the room a thousand fold. The bride, however, excelled every one in this display, and her father delighted himself with the conviction that no one could compete with his beloved and only daughter. As if to be more thoroughly convinced on this point, he went through the room looking at the ornaments worn by the other masks, till, all at once, he was struck with the utmost astonishment on discovering that jewels of the very identical fashion and lustre were worn by two ladies, his daughter and a stranger at the same time! He confessed to me afterwards, that he was weak enough to feel his pride hurt at this occurrence. His only consolation was to reflect, that however rich these jewels were, they would be surpassed out of all measure by a wreath of diamonds and rubies which was to be worn by Camilla at the supper-table.

"When the supper-party had at length assembled, and the old gentleman made his remarks as before, the strange lady, to his utter consternation, made her appearance with a wreath precisely like that of his daughter's. His curiosity now got the better almost of his politeness, and as she still wore her mask, he could not help addressing himself to her with the words, 'Fair lady, might I venture so great a liberty as to ask your name?' The incognita, however, shook her head with a mournful, abstracted air, and did not answer him one word. At the same time, the house-steward came and wished to know whether the party had been increased in number, as the covers appointed for the dinner-table were now found insufficient. His master answered in the negative, and, in a tone of much irritation, insisted that the servants must have made some blunder. The steward, on the contrary, maintained that he was perfectly correct. Another cover was laid accordingly, and, on counting the guests, it was found that there was one more than the number that had been invited. As he had a little while before, in consequence of some careless expressions, rendered himself obnoxious to interferences of the police-officers, he thought this addition to his party must have been caused by them. Being perfectly satisfied that nothing would at present take place in his house on which the police could make any remarks, he determined, in his own mind, to avoid any disturbance of the present festivity. It would be better, he thought, to represent to the government afterwards the insult they had inflicted on him; therefore, while most of his guests had thrown off their masks, he deferred his intended proposal that they should all do so till the close of the entertainment. Universal admiration was excited by the extraordinary luxury displayed at this final banquet. In the variety and excellence of his wines, our host surpassed all that had been hitherto known at Venice, and yet he was not satisfied. He lamented especially that a misfortune had happened to his red champagne, so that he could not produce a single glass of that liquor. At this time the party seemed well disposed to make up, as fast as possible, for that want of joviality and high spirits which they had betrayed through the preceding entertainments. Only in my neighbourhood (I mean where I sat at table) it fell out very differently. We

had only one unanimous feeling, that of curiosity, which completely triumphed over every other. I was placed near the lady who wore jewels exactly resembling those of the bride, and observed that, besides never touching food or wine, she did not vouchsafe to return a single word when spoken to by the other guests; but, meanwhile, kept her looks constantly fixed on Felippo and his bride, who sat together. Her presence and strange conduct could not possibly remain unobserved, and the remarks that were, by degrees, spread about from one guest to another, once more damped the spirit of conviviality which, for a short time, had been revived. There arose a whispering all round the table, and the prevailing opinion was, that an unfortunate attachment to the bridegroom must be the cause of the incognita's eccentric manners. However this might be, those who were nearest her at the supper-table left their places on the first opportunity offered for a change, and sought elsewhere for a more agreeable situation. Afterwards, however, many of the party assembled round her for the sole purpose of discovering who she really was, expecting that after all she would unmask, and prove to be a well-known friend—but in vain! At last, when white champagne was handed round, the bridegroom also drew near, taking the chair next but one to the silent lady; and now, indeed, she seemed to be more animated;—at least she turned round towards her new neighbour when he addressed her, which she had never done to any one else, and even offered her glass as if she wished him to drink out of it. It was visible, however, that by her attentions Felippo had been excessively agitated. He held up the glass in his left hand trembling like an aspen leaf, pointed to it, and said, 'How comes it that the wine is red? I thought we had no red champagne!' 'Red,' said the bride's father, who had drawn near, with his curiosity stretched to the utmost; 'what can you mean?' 'Look only at the lady's glass,' answered Felippo. 'Well,—it is filled with white wine, like all the rest,' said the old gentleman; and he called the bystanders to witness, who, with one voice, declared the wine to be white. Felippo would not drink it, however; and when the silent lady turned round on him a second time, he trembled even more than before, insomuch that he quitted his place at table, took his host aside, and when they had conversed for some time privately, the latter, having taken his resolution, addressed himself in a loud voice to the company: 'For reasons,' said he, 'which are afterwards to be explained, I must request, as a particular favour, that all my worthy friends now present will, for a moment, take off their masks.' As in these words he only expressed a general wish, his request was complied with in an instant,—every countenance was uncovered, that of the silent lady excepted, on whom the looks of the whole party were turned with an expression of disappointment and suspicion. 'You are the only mask left among us,' said her host after a long pause; 'dare I not hope that you will indulge me so far?' She persisted, however, in the same coldness of manner, and remained incognita. This vexed the old gentleman so much the more, as he discovered, among the rest, without exception, all the friends that he had invited; so that this lady was, without any doubt, the individual who had been added unexpectedly to the number. At the same time, he did not venture to force a removal of her disguise, as the extraordinary value of her jewels took away all his suspicions

that a spy of the police had intruded himself, and he would not run the risk of offending a person who was evidently of high rank. She might, perhaps, be some acquaintance who had arrived suddenly at Venice—heard of his brilliant entertainment, and, as a harmless jest, resolved to make one at the masquerade without being discovered. Meanwhile, it was thought right, at all events, to make some inquiries among the servants; but, notwithstanding the great number of strange lacqueys and female attendants that were at the villa, none could be found who would acknowledge this lady for their mistress; nor could any one of his own household recollect when or how she arrived; and their ignorance was the more unaccountable, as the lady must have retired to her toilet in order to put on the beautiful wreath with which she appeared at the supper-table. The mysterious whispering which had for some time supplied the place of all lively conversation, now became more remarkable, when the lady suddenly rose from her place, waved her hand, and nodded to the bridegroom, then retreated towards the door. The bride, however, would not suffer him to follow,—for she had long observed the attention with which the incognita had regarded him. Nor had it escaped Camilla's notice, that he had been frightfully agitated when he was offered the glass of wine; and she began to fear that some mad attachment to Felippo had been the cause of this extraordinary scene. In spite of all her objections, however, she could not prevent her father from following the unknown; and when she had got beyond the door, he redoubled his pace in order to keep up with her. But at that moment, the same horrible shriek which had been heard during the dinner banquet was repeated with an effect tenfold more frightful amid the stillness of the night; and when our host had got beyond the outer gateway, not a trace was to be found of the mysterious visitor. The people in attendance there knew nothing of her; and though the banks of the river were crowded with gondoliers, not one could acknowledge even to have seen her. These events had such an effect on the whole company, that only one desire now seemed to prevail among them, that of returning to their own homes as fast as possible; and the old gentleman was forced to order the gondolas to be in readiness at a much earlier hour than he had intended. They departed, accordingly, in a mood very different from that in which they had arrived in the morning. On the following morning I found Felippo and his bride again in their usual spirits. He now began to think, as she did, that the incognita was some unfortunate person 'crazed with hopeless love'; and as to the frightful cry that had twice alarmed the party, it might have been only an absurd trick of some intoxicated gondolier. It was not so easy to account for the lady's arrival and departure without being observed; but this, too, might be explained by the bustle that prevailed, and inattention of the porters. As to the disappearance of the wedding-ring, it could only be supposed that some one among the servants had slight-of-hand and dishonesty enough to conjure it into his own pocket, from whence, of course, it would not be recovered. In short, they seemed resolved to overlook all difficulties and objections that might have been made to these explanations, and were only distressed that the priest, who should have come to pronounce a blessing on their contract, was now declared to be at the point of death; and, on account of the old friendship subsisting between him and my friend's family, they could

not properly think of the final ceremonies being performed within the very week after his decease. On the day of the clergyman's funeral, however, a fearful cheek was given to Felippo's levity and high spirits. A letter arrived from Clara's mother, informing him that her unhappy daughter had, in her grief and disappointment, died for the sake of her faithless lover; moreover, that she had declared in her last moments that she would not rest in her grave till she had compelled him to fulfil his promises. This alone made such an impression on Felippo, that the wretched mother's added maledictions were quite superfluous. He found also, that the mysterious shriek, which had been heard when the rings were exchanged, had been uttered precisely at the hour and minute of the poor girl's death. He was forced also to believe, however unwillingly, that the unknown lady had been his forsaken Clara's ghost; and this thought deprived him at times of all self-possession. Henceforward he always carried the letter about with him, and sometimes drew it unconsciously from his pocket, and stared at its agonising pages. Even Camilla's presence could not always prevent this; and as she of course ascribed his agitation to the paper which he thus impolitely and silently perused, she availed herself of an opportunity when he had let it drop on the floor, and seemed quite lost in thought, to examine, without ceremony, what had caused him such distress. Felippo did not awake from his reverie till she had perused the letter, and was folding it up with her countenance deadly pale, so that she must have fully understood her own painful situation. He then threw himself at her feet, in a mood of the sincerest anguish and repentance, conjuring her to tell him what he now ought to do. 'Only let your affection for me be more constant than it was for this poor unfortunate,' said Camilla; and he vowed this from his inmost heart. But his disquietude constantly increased; and when the day of their marriage at last arrived, became almost quite overpowering. When, according to the old fashion of the Venetians, he went in the twilight before day-break to the residence of his bride, he could not help believing, all the way, that Clara's ghost was walking by his side. Indeed, no loving couple were ever accompanied to the altar by such fearful omens as those which now took place. At the request of Camilla's parents, I was there in attendance as a witness, and have never since forgotten the horrors of that morning. We were advancing in profound silence towards the church della Salute, but already in the streets, Felippo whispered to me several times, that I should keep away that strange woman, as he feared that she had some design against his bride. 'What strange woman?' said I, in astonishment. 'Not so loud—for God's sake be cautious!' answered he; 'you see, no doubt, how she is always endeavouring to force herself betwixt me and Camilla.' 'Mere phantasies, my good friend,' said I; 'there is no one here but our own party.' 'God grant that my eyes had deceived me!' he replied; 'only don't let her go with us into the church!' added he, when we arrived at the door. 'Certainly not,' said I; and to the great astonishment of the bride's parents, I made gestures as if I were ordering some one away. In the church we found Felippo's father, on whom his son looked as if he were taking leave of him for ever. Camilla sobbed aloud, and when the bridegroom called out,—'So, then, this strange woman has come in with us after all,—it was thought doubtful whether, under such circumstances, the marriage could

be performed. Camilla, however, said in her changeless affection, 'Nay, nay, since he is in this unhappy state, he has the more need of my care and constant presence.' Now they drew near to the altar, where a gust of wind suddenly extinguished the candles. The priest was angry that the sacristan had not closed the windows; but Felippo exclaimed, 'The windows indeed! do you not see who stands here, and who just now carefully and designedly extinguished the lights?' Every one looked confounded; but Felippo went on hastily, breaking away from his bride. 'Do you not see, too, who is just forcing me away from Camilla?' At these words, the bride sank fainting into her mother's arms, and the clergyman declared that, under such impressions as these, it was absolutely impossible for him to proceed with the ceremony. The relations on both sides looked on Felippo's situation as an attack of sudden madness; but it was not long before they changed this opinion, for he now fainted as Camilla had done. Convulsions followed, the blood forsook his countenance, and in a few moments their concern for him was at an end. Notwithstanding every effort made to assist him, he expired."

We must give the highest praise to the clever translator: avoiding diablerie, sentimentality, and mysticism gone mad, he has at once quite naturalised his fictions, without losing any of their peculiar character. It is the translation of one equally versed in both languages, and with sufficient natural taste, added to his industry, to do his subject full justice. Since 1791, when Mr. Beckford (we believe) published, anonymously, his *Tales from the German*, we have not seen any publication of the kind equal to this of Mr. Gillies.

The Tor Hill.

WE continue, without further introduction, our review of this, we may already say, popular novel. The measures which are set on foot by Wolsey for the deliverance of Cecil, as detailed in our last, are frustrated by the art of Sir Lionel, who meditates the commission of further atrocities, not only on his hapless ward, but on Dudley, who has undertaken his cause. The triumphant career of the wretch is, however, now threatened by the appearance of his former wife (the Mrs. Bohun already alluded to, and a fit demon-mate for him), who he imagined was dead, but who has in fact been secretly watching his iniquities, and at length comes from her seclusion to revenge herself for his former ill-treatment by bringing him to trial for bigamy, which in that time was punishable by death. The heroic and devoted conduct of his second wife, our old acquaintance, Lady Fitzmaurice, however, saves him from this peril, and he is again enabled to exult over his opponents. We must pass over, with a mere expression of our approbation, the trial and the still more interesting scene where this honest, well-meaning body plays and sings, in her humble way, to her unfeeling husband; and for the same reason (want of room) must content ourselves with a bare allusion to the clever picture of the sanctuary of Westminster, and of its strange medley of inhabitants, among whom Dudley has sought refuge from the persecution of Sir Lionel. Indeed our extracts must be finished with two specimens of graphic power. The first is the visit of the king with his then queen, Anna Boleyn, at the Tor House. "The king had no sooner washed, and

quaffed a cup of light French wine, than he desired private speech of his host, and declaring that he was warm with riding, and should prefer the open air to a close chamber, he was led forth to the terrace, where he familiarly took Sir Lionel's arm, and walked up and down for some time, conversing on the subject of the abbot's alleged delinquencies, and occasionally stopping to view the venerable abbey, whose wide domains, forming a fair and fertile landscape, stretched almost as far as the eye could reach. Sir Lionel had taken care to provide himself with such communications as he knew would be acceptable. He had discovered new misdemeanours and contumacies of the abbot, and he placed in the king's hands a rent-roll of the royalties, lordships, manors, lands, tenelements, woods, parks, fisheries, and other hereditaments belonging to the establishment, together with an inventory of the plate, jewels, and rich effects, within the abbey itself. This the king read over with great apparent satisfaction, and having put it in his pocket, and thanked his host for his zeal and good services, they returned to the mansion. 'Though Sir Anthony Denny brought me your grace's commands not to provide a dinner,' said Sir Lionel, 'yet, deeming that it might not mislike your highness after so long a ride, I have ventured to order such a poor and light collation as may better befit the scanty time allowed to us than either our own good wishes or your grace's royal dignity.' 'Ha! say'st thou, Sir Lionel? is there good cheer toward?' Now, marry, God and St. Mary forbid that we should put you to this trouble and not do honour to your catering, however scant it may be. By my faith, it likes me well, and you have our thanks for your hospitable bearing; for, to make good travellers, the rider should ever betake himself to the refectory when the horse finds his way to the crib. How says your grace?' he continued, addressing himself to the queen, 'we have yet some miles to ride ere dinner; and it were not well for one in ailing health to be too long a faster.' 'I am ever ready to do your highness's pleasure,' replied the queen; 'but methinks we should await the presence of our good hostess, who has just left us, and will doubtless be of quick return.' 'If it so please you, madam, my daughter shall fill her place, and be your hostess,' said Sir Lionel, who never considered his wife as of the smallest consequence, and was, indeed, better pleased to be without her company. 'I cannot have a fairer or a more becoming one,' replied the queen, with a gracious smile; and placing her arm within Beatrice's, she walked forward, the king and the rest of the company following her, into the eating apartment. Lady Fitzmaurice, who had absented herself to superintend the serving up of the repast, and the last delivery of spices, plate, and wine, remained deeply absorbed in issuing orders and recommending economy, until she learnt that the royal party had left the cedar parlour, when she set off hastily to overtake them. The canvase apron, which she had unwittingly worn in her first appearance before Dudley, had indeed been discarded; but the large bunch of keys, which she had recently fastened to her girdle, remained there still, although their loud jingling would inevitably have reminded her of the inadvertence, had not her thoughts and senses been wholly engrossed by the multifarious articles she had just been serving out. 'Why, how now, Sir Lionel,' cried the king, as she entered the room in a jog-trot, which gave the company the full benefit of her musical keys,

'is your good dame so prone to play truant, that she must make known her steps by her jingling, like a packer's horse, or a shepherd's bell-wether?' The company laughed aloud, for royal jokes are infallible provocatives to risibility. Beatrice blushed deeply with mortification and anger: Sir Lionel, by a significant glance at the noisy appendages, at length drew his wife's attention to the cause of the general mirth, when she hastily deposited them in her pocket, and curtsying deeply to the queen, exclaimed, 'La you now! I had clean forgotten them, for the which I humbly crave pardon: but I'm sure your grace is too good a housewife yourself not to take special care of the keys; for fast bind fast find, is an old saw, and a good; and there would be rare waste, I promise you, at the Tor House, were there not some one to turn the lock, and keep a hawk's eye upon our unthrifty varlets.' The queen complimented her with great good humour upon these evidences of her household wisdom, and the whole party proceeded to address themselves to the repast with a zeal that promised to render the dinner bespoken for them at the Wells an almost superfluous meal. 'How, Sir Lionel; what!' cried the king; 'call you this a light and poor collation? Beshrew my heart, if it be not a goodly feast and a dainty; and I much marvel how, upon such short warrant, you have so temptingly furnished forth your board. Forsooth, your good dame must needs be a shrewd and stirring cateress.' Annoyed, and even alarmed, as Lady Fitzmaurice had been at the probable expense of entertaining the king, her hospitable feelings, now that the board was spread, had not only banished this recollection, but had completely removed the apprehension and awe which, under any other circumstances, she would have felt towards so august an assemblage as the present. Still further encouraged by the king's allusion to herself, she ventured to reply to the observation addressed to Sir Lionel, by exclaiming, 'Nay, by my sooth, we have spared neither care nor cost; and I trust it may like your good grace to eat heartily, for truly you are right welcome. May it please you to taste these red-rose apples, which are of rare size and quality; and, by the mass! they had good need to be so, for every one of them cost a silver shilling.' 'Methinks this venison frumenty,' said the queen, 'is finer and more smooth than has ever been served up to me by the royal cooks.' 'Ah, if your grace would do as I do,' cried Lady Fitzmaurice, 'you would ever have it as good; for I trust neither wench nor varlet, who are too idle to stamp the wheat long enough, unless I stand over them while they Bray it with the pestle. Is your grace's a marble mortar or one of iron?' Undismayed by the laugh occasioned by this inquiry, which, indeed, she deemed much too serious a matter to provoke risibility; and not noticing the displeasure of Sir Lionel and Beatrice, she continued: 'I am glad to see this pomme-citron likes your grace so well; it is of my own preserving, and I can give you the receipt. Bone Deus! see how heartily his good highness feeds upon yonder hens in brulette! Forsooth, your grace should ever provide him some, for they are soon prepared and cheap. You take the hens and scald them, cut them in gobbets, and seethe them with pork, pepper, ginger, and bread; temper it up with ale, colour it with saffron, seethe it together, and serve it forth. Ah, by my holidame! I see the king has a cunning and a dainty tooth, for he has now betaken himself to the wardens in paste, which it were well your grace should also know how

to furnish for him after the best fashion. Pare your wardens, cut out the core, stop the hole with sugar and powdered ginger, couch them in a coffin of paste, cover them, and let them bake. If you have not sugar enough, you may take honey; but then you must add powdered pepper to the ginger.'

The other is a night-scene in the solitary bed-chamber of the king.

'At this time the court was residing at Whitehall, and it was Dudley's turn of duty to superintend the night-watch stationed in the king's great chamber, which formed a spacious vestibule to his bed-room. The monarch had long retired to rest; Dudley, by the light of a great torch stuck up in the centre of the room, had been reading Aretino's Satires, which he closed and put in his pocket on hearing great Tom of Westminster strike the hour of midnight. On looking round the room, he discovered that he was the only person awake;—the knights and squires of the body were stretched upon their straw pallets; the yeomen of the guard, having laid their halberds and drawn swords upon the ground, were slumbering at their posts, the light of the torch resting with a steady gleam upon their half-armor, or flashing fitfully as they occasionally made some small and unconscious change in their posture. It is well, thought Dudley to himself, that the sentinels without are more upon the alert,—for he heard them relieving guard, and caught the measured tread of their footsteps as they marched across the paved court-yard. As he still listened to the diminishing echoes of their feet, another sound reached his ear;—it was the king coughing in his bed-room, and presently after he heard him call out impatiently,—'What, ho! who waits without?' It was his first impulse to awaken the guard, or some of the knights of the body, none of whom had heard the call; but knowing the king's impatience, and anticipating his fury should he discover that they had been sleeping at their posts, he hastily glided behind the traverse, and putting his mouth to the door of the privy chamber, exclaimed, 'Did your highness call?' 'Who art thou, fellow? what is thy name?' was the reply. 'I am Poyus Dudley, one of your grace's ushers, so please you.' 'Ha! is it thou? What! come in—I would have speech of thee.' After having heard the monarch pull a string that drew up a bolt, Dudley opened the door, entered the royal bed-chamber; the door closed of itself; and the bolt dropped down again into its socket. Two large wax tapers, on a marble table, diffused a strong light through the room, irradiating the gilt angels with which the bed was decorated, and giving their benignant features the full benefit of a contrast with the royal physiognomy. Before this period, Henry had commanded all persons at court to cut their hair short, of which fashion he set them the example; at the same time suffering his beard to grow, and wearing it knotted. By a long course of sensual indulgence, his body had begun to grow unwieldy, and his face to be bloated and distended, until the pendent and swollen jaw might almost have been termed a dewlap; while his features wore that look of moral intoxication which is invariably superinduced by a long-continued and intemperate gratification of the will. They expressed disease, as well as poevishness and impatience; offering an instructive evidence that nature will not suffer either the appetites or the will to be abused, without entailing her own punishment upon the transgressor. It was impossible to look at him for a moment, without seeing

that the animal propensities had been allowed to preponderate over the intellectual, until his personal appearance had sympathised with his pursuits; it was evident that his soul had begun to embody and embrate. At the present moment his countenance exhibited an additional degree of irritation, on account of his attendants having placed his drink beyond his reach; while his appearance was more than usually grim and menacing from the night-gear in which he was arrayed, and from his having laid his hand, perhaps unconsciously, upon the hilt of the sword at the head of his bed. Such was the figure who, after having pronounced an angry malison upon the groom who had placed his drink so far off, commanded Dudley to hand it to him, inquiring, at the same time, whether he had seen assay taken of the cup. An answer being given in the affirmative, he was ordered to assay it himself, in compliance with which he drank a small portion of the wine, and then handed the cup to the king, who emptied its contents at a draught. Appearing to be somewhat pacified by this deep potation, he continued in a lower and less imperious voice—'Come nearer to me, man! nearer still; what! Harkee, sir, thou art of acquaintance with yonder girl of Somersetshire—one of the queen's ladies—the daughter of Bastard Fitzmaurice.' Dudley bowed his head in token of acquiescence; but the king, offended with this mute acknowledgment, impatiently exclaimed, 'Dost thou not hear me, sir? Ha!' 'I had the honour of making acquaintance with Mistress Fitzmaurice in her father's house, so please your grace,' said Dudley, again bowing. 'Then mark me, sir; mark me well, and do as I shall bid thee. Deliver unto her these baubles.' From a small pocket at the head of his bed he took a favourite ring, painted in enamel by Holbein, with a representation of the battle of Bosworth; together with a carcanet of rich jewels, which he put into Dudley's hand, and continued—'Tell her that the king stands well affected towards her, that he admires her charms, that it is his purpose to promote and honour her, and that if she prove buxom and obedient to his will, she may have an establishment and a pension, and not less honourable entreatment than was shewn to the Lady Talboys. And mark me well, sir! I will have no passages of courtship shewn to her from any other man; not a word—not a breath—not a look—or, by St. Paul, his head shall fly from his shoulders. Dost thou hear me? Ha! What!' 'I do, so please your highness, and am in all things bound to obey your grace's orders.' 'It is well, sir; so shalt thou find favour and reward. Begone! and let me have speech of thee to-morrow. Away! Ha!'

We have now given enough, in the way of extract, to enable our readers to form a pretty clear estimate of the work before us, which is finished with poetical justice by deaths and marriages, which we would not be so barbarous as to anticipate. Upon the whole, it evinces very considerable powers, and will be generally perused with a degree of interest till recently unknown to the readers of romances. If we were, critically, to say that the epithets and language when most quaint are not always most correct, that the chapter-top poetry is wretched, and that the characters sometimes speak more plainly than people ever spoke, we should tell only the truth: but it would be but just, at the same time, to state that the volumes abound with a multitude of brief and unquotable passages, which have a redeeming excellence, and would atone for ten times the

faults that could be enumerated. Altogether, *Tor Hill* is a credit to its author.

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Foscari. A Tragedy. By Mary Russell Mitford. 8vo. Whittaker.

HAD we not entered much into the merits of this play in our dramatic critique, we should have been prevented from treating of it this week as a literary production for the closet by the lateness of its appearance. As it is, we need only mention that it is published; and that its poetry sheds new laurel leaves even on the brow of Miss Mitford.

Honor O'Hara. A Novel. By Miss A. M. Porter. 3 vols. Longman and Co.

WHILE we allow much of sweetness and of feminine tact displayed in the heroine's gracefully sketched portraits, we should commit high treason against a host of fine and romantic associations, did we not at once place this novel at an immeasurable distance behind its predecessors. It seems, perhaps, hard to confine a very successful writer to the one path of fame; but where the mind has shewn its strong original bent, and won all the popularity of allowed talent, we think, more in this case as readers than critics, that regret and reproach may very well assail the capricious writer. Miss Porter's romances were creations by themselves; even if people are never actually so good, so brave, so beautiful, as they lived in her glowing colours, still it was well for the imagination to believe such things possible; and we are sorry to see such a writer descending to much of the trash that constitutes a novel of the day. Miss Porter's talents were made to draw high and elevating portraits, not exaggerated caricatures. Still we doubt not these volumes will be read: the simple fact of no fewer than seven happy couples made love to and married in the course of these pages, may be their passport to a host of juvenile readers; though we can only recommend them by way of contrast, to give the perusal of Miss Porter's former works added enjoyment.

Poesies par Madame Amable Tastu. Poems by Madame Amable Tastu. 1 Vol. royal 8vo. and royal 18mo. Paris, 1826.

WE have so often verified the truth of Roscommon's observation, that

"The weighty bullock of one sterling line,
Drawn to French wire, will through whole pages shine,"

that we have generally passed over the numerous poetical productions of the French press. Some fine exceptions may, however, be urged to the general law, and amongst them the poems of Madame Tastu. This lady is, we believe, the wife of the printer, who has endeavoured to give due honour to the muse of his lady, in printing her poems in a style not unworthy of the presses of the Didots. There is a sweetness, a richness, and a luxury of images in these poems, which place the author in the very first line of French modern poets. They are the effusions of a highly cultivated mind, "smit with the love of song." The versification is easy and harmonious; "the labour and delay of the file" are not apparent. Her lines are like the last touches of Canova's chisel, which impart the finish of genius, without betraying the elaborateness of art. The first short piece is worth fifty prefaces and introductions; it is a little history of the volume, and a transcript of the author's

mind; it is called the Echo of the Harp: and as the generality of our readers understand French, we will not diminish its beauties by translation.

"Pauvre harpe du barde! au lambris suspendue,
Tu dormais, des longtems poudreuse et détreuée,
D'un souffle vagabond la brise de la nuit
Sur ta corde muette éveille un léger bruit:
Telle dort en mon sein cette harpe cachée,
Et que seule la Muse a quelquefois touchée.
Alors qu'un mot pulsant, un songe, un souvenir,
Une pensée errante et douce à retenir,
L'effleurent en passant d'une âme fugitive,
Elle vibre soudain; et mon âme attentive,
Emue à cet accord que se perd dans les cieux,
Garde du son divin l'écho mélodieux."

"Christmas Eve" reminds us strongly of the exquisite romance of Charlotte de Surville; and we cannot pay it a higher compliment: but the author's tenderness often rises to sublimity. The lines on the child of Canaris, who was sent to France for his education, possess many vigorous touches, and the best apology for hard names that was perhaps ever offered.

"Leurs chants, dans ta mémoire,
De tes concitoyens auroient gravé la gloire;
Et l'hymne des succès, du deuil, ou des combats
T'eussent nommé Pharamakis, Christos, Boucolavlis,
Moechio, qui tour-à-tour mère, épouse, héroïne,
Son enfant au bras gauche, au droit sa carabine,
Des balles dans son tablier,
Savait agir, combattre, et mourir en guerrier.
Le sort n'accorda point à ces noms de la vieillesse
De ceux des anciens jours la sonore douceur,
Qu'importe? Il est toujours assez doux à l'oreille
Le nom qui fait battre le cœur."

What can be more touchingly poetical than the conclusion of the above lines? "Fate granted not to these names of yesterday the sonorous sweetness of those of ancient days; but what matters it? that name is always sufficiently sweet to the ear which causes the heart to beat."

She advises young Canaris to fly back to Greece, lest his soul became tainted with the apathy of Christian Europe.

In Lines on Shakespeare, she alludes to, and palliates the faults of our immortal bard. She asks, "who, in contemplating the majestic course of a mighty river, descends to ask if he sweep not along some impurities in his stream?"

Every poem in the collection would furnish us with extracts to justify our high opinion of the poetical talents of Madame Tastu, whose first appearance has gained her the high praise of a French critic, "that she promises fairly to become the L. E. L. of France."

Memoirs relative to the English Expedition which sailed for Bengal in 1800, to oppose in Egypt the Army of the East. By M. A. Comte de Noe, Peer of France. 1 Vol. 8vo. with several coloured Plates and Maps.

THE author having passed several years in England, whither he had accompanied his father, who emigrated, and seeing no prospect of a speedy return to France, began to be uneasy with respect to his own future prospects in life. A favourable opportunity presented itself: he obtained a lieutenancy in the 10th regiment of the line, which was under orders for India, to be employed in the war against Tippoo Saib. That native prince was already conquered when they arrived. At the end of the year 1800, the regiment to which the author belonged sailed from Calcutta, as part of the secret expedition under General Baird, which was to act in Egypt against the French. The fate of Egypt was, however, also decided before the expedition of General Baird arrived; but the author's account is lively and interesting, and he observes, that though the publication has been so long delayed, he hopes it may be excused, because this remarkable expedition has not hitherto found a historian. We have

selected a single passage by way of example, and as being rather interesting at this time.

"We now hear a great deal of the projects which Russia entertains against India, and of the success which it would obtain if it carried its arms into that country. We may, indeed, find some chance for it on the map, but in the country it has none. Covered to the north by steep mountains, Indostan would present to an army which had passed them nothing but deserts, defiles without roads, where it would find no means of subsistence, and where the artillery must be conveyed by men. When engaged in those difficult chains, it would be obliged to march from defile to defile, to force them one after the other, and would be in danger of perishing if it failed in any one of its attacks. Add to this, that it would be opposed by numerous and brave troops, amply provided with every necessary, who would oppose to it all the resources of the fertile provinces which they had behind them. Every thing, therefore, would be in favour of the defence, and nothing in favour of the attack. To the east, to the west, an invader would find the same chances, the same difficulties: every where devoted troops, deserts, and obstacles innumerable. If we now examine the maritime force that protects the coasts, and the weight which it must have in the balance, we shall see that any project of aggression would be folly: there would not even be the resource so frequently used in war, viz. that of insurrections and popular revolts. How, indeed, should the population be excited? By the attraction of interest? It possesses, it has lost nothing; it is in this respect as it formerly was under Aurengzebe. Tranquil and happy, it is without regret as without ambition. The son succeeds the father, and every one lives content with the condition which his ancestors have bequeathed to him. It is his destiny to remain in it, and he conforms to it. The same manners, the same customs, the same resignation: nothing in the world could force it to change its religion or its habits. India, therefore, will always be proof against seduction."

VIENNA, Oct. 1.—The following interesting publications have lately appeared here:—

I. *Notice sur les Médailles Romaines en Or, &c. An Account of the Roman Medals in Gold of the Imperial Museum of Vienna, found in Hungary in the Years 1797 and 1805.* By A. Steinbüchel, Director of the Museum.

THE Roman gold medals described and engraved in the above work, which were found near Szilagy, Somlyo, and Petrianetz, and are the largest hitherto known, are among the most distinguished ornaments of the imperial cabinet of medals.

The description not only contains the explanation of these medals, but embraces other kindred parts of archaeology which are highly interesting. An important part of this work is, 1st, the faithful representation of some of them, with an explanation left by Eckhel; and certainly no person who possesses his *Doctrina Nummorum Veterum* but will like to possess these sheets, which Eckhel himself, in his above-mentioned work (Part VIII. 82), announced as nearly ready for publication. 2d, the representation of a coin of Odoacer, prince of the Heruli, and first King of Italy, who began his expedition from Vienna, and of whom we have hitherto possessed no monument, much less his effigy.

II. *Scarabées Egyptiens Figurés du Musée*

d'Antiques de sa Majesté l'Empereur. In Four Plates, royal 4to.

III. *Description of the Imperial Collection of Egyptian Antiquities.*

ORIGINAL.

(3 NATIONAL POLITY AND FINANCE (VI).)

WE are desired to explain the means by which our outstanding Sterling Notes should retain that character after the customer on whose pledge they were issued had closed his credit account, and how that closing was itself to be effected. How, in fact, he might withdraw his name from the books,—his pledges and his responsibility for all the notes issued to him by the Bank, and by him to the public. We rejoice in the opportunity this affords us, because, while we give the answer required, we at the same time develop our plan still further, and shew what we have stated, not only that we are prepared with the details upon every particular point, but that in these details consist the essential features and merits of the proposed design.

With regard to the inscribed Ledger Credit, on the security and publicity of which the Paper of the Nation is issued, suppose A. B. C. D. (all the alphabet) had become customers, and that A. desired to close his account. This could be accomplished in two ways; by discharging the balance* of his Ledger account in bullion at the rate of 123 grains per pound, being the mint standard of our pound sterling, or by discharging the same balance in Sterling Notes; upon doing either of which his pledge should be released, and his name removed from the list, his account cancelled, his pledges withdrawn, and all his responsibility terminated; for it must always be borne in mind, that no customer, by indorsing the Notes which he receives from the Bank, ever incurs any responsibility.

If he paid his balance in bullion, that bullion would remain in store, and augment the national deposit, to meet any of the contingencies contemplated as possible in our paper No. IV., independently of its being held in trust for the currency outstanding, if gold can be deemed equal in security to land. If, on the other hand, A. discharged his Ledger Credit by the Notes of B. C. D. &c., it is evident that though his own remained out, an equal proportion of theirs, of like amount, character, and perfect security, will have been withdrawn from the currency, without, in the slightest degree, deranging the general circulating medium. Nothing, therefore, can be more simple than the business of closing a credit; it is merely the retiring of an individual, while all the guarantees and securities remain *in statu quo*, as firm and ample as before.

On the important question of convertibility—the convertibility of a paper currency into gold and silver coin, it has obtained much of its ascendancy, as a desirable thing, in public opinion from reasons which do not affect our system. When paper has been circulated, as it is now, without any guarantee whatever but the name

* In illustration of an account of this nature, we extract the following from a letter in the *John Bull*, page 132, column 2: "As a matter of curiosity, and an indubitable proof of the advantages derived from cash accounts, I shall give you the state of my observations upon a 500*l.* credit for the last ten years. The aggregate amount of advances to me, 15,178*l.* 11*s.* 9*d.*, ditto of interest paid on the whole balances against me for that period, 11*s.* 7*d.* Now shew me by what other plan such accommodations could be afforded at so cheap a rate, and that too without vesting a single pound in the Bank that could have paid in a farthing of interest any where else."

and reputation for solidity of the issuer,—when millions of this unreal fiction pass from hand to hand throughout the country for real value; it was no unwise conclusion to demand as a cheque and security that it should be demandable in coin. But our paper is founded upon securities better than gold itself and only represented to a certain extent by the Notes of the Bank: we need, therefore, no additional security, such as the power of conversion into a metallic shape. On the contrary, we would not exchange our unalterable Note, a sterling pound, for a sovereign which might to-day be worth twenty shillings, and to-morrow worth only nineteen. The convertibility, heretofore so strenuously insisted upon, rested on two grounds—that (already mentioned) of being a sort of security for private paper, and, secondly, of checking, in some degree, inordinate speculative issues. No one ever contended that metal was of itself a superior internal currency as a measure of value; but that, not being so abundant or so readily manufactured as paper, it formed a fair species of control over the latter. Now we have shewn that our paper does not need this as a security; and with regard to requiring it as a guard against too copious issues, we shall immediately dispose of that subject.

The issue of our National and Sterling paper should in its aggregate be under the guidance of the legislature—the Argus or supreme establishment should perform every act openly, and the most definite rules should bind it in all its bearings. But how should it be able to ascertain the exact or proximate amount of the country's wants? it could not say, at once, fifty millions are enough, or sixty, or seventy millions are enough, and therefore fifty, sixty, or seventy millions shall go forth. There must be a demand for the supply: and we beg to refer to the following paragraph in the *Gazette* of last week:—

"With respect to an objection which is naturally felt by a people wisely and constitutionally jealous, namely, that the control over the currency might lead to a dangerous authority, and, at some critical time, be abused by ambitious rulers; we are prepared to shew that if our plan were adopted in all its details, so far from any new and perilous influence being created for the governing, it would be widely and universally diffused among the governed."

When we wrote this we had a very striking part of our Plan in view: we allude to the subdivision of Britain into districts, circles, or parishes, each, as it were, legislating for itself in this vital matter. For example, let us take the existing division of parishes. Every parish could tell what is wanted in currency for the works and labour performed within its own boundaries. The agricultural parish of A. could ascertain that it needed a thousand pounds to pay labourers' wages, shopkeepers, government taxes, parochial and county rates, and other temporary expenses; and that during harvest, perhaps, it required fifteen hundred pounds. The manufacturing parish of B. could calculate that four thousand pounds were sufficient for its use; and if a new and beneficial source of prosperity were created, that hundreds or thousands more would be necessary. Upon these grounds, the representations are made to the Argus—they are supported by facts, and the directing authority, having but one rule of conduct, must decide, not according to any theory of its own, but according to the demonstrated wants of every portion of and all the country.

Upon this, however, we have more to say than can be added to this paper: and shall continue the subject in our next.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,—I informed you that I was collecting for you some original letters of Napoleon. In the *Globe* of the 28th is a highly curious one to M. Champagny, the minister of the interior, which displays, in a strong light, the character of the man, and his custom of not listening implicitly to the decisions of others.

Finkenstein, 30th May, 1807.

"Monsieur de Champagny,—After having attentively examined the different plans of the monument dedicated to the grand army, I have not been one moment in doubt: that of M. Vignon is the only one which fulfils my intentions. It is a temple that I demanded, and not a church. What could be done in the style of churches to surpass St. Geneviève, or even Notre Dame; and above all, St. Peter's at Rome? The project of M. Vignon unites with many advantages that of agreeing much better in style with the palace of the legislative body, and of not humiliating the Thuilleries. When I fixed the expense at three millions (120,000*l.*), I wished it to be understood that this temple ought not to cost more than that of Athens, the construction of which did not cost half that sum. It appears to me, that the court entrance ought to be by the staircase opposite to the throne. In the definitive plan, M. Vignon will manage so that we may descend under cover. The apartment, also, must be as handsome as possible; M. Vignon might, perhaps, make it double; for the hall is at present too long. It will be equally easy to add a few tribunes. I will have nothing in wood. The spectators ought to be placed, as I said, on marble steps, forming amphitheatres destined for the public. The persons necessary for the ceremony will be placed on benches, so that the distinction between the two classes of spectators may be very sensible. The amphitheatres, filled with ladies, will form a contrast with the grave costume of the personages necessary for the ceremony. The tribune of the orator ought to be permanent, and of beautiful workmanship. In this temple nothing ought to be movable or changing; every thing, on the contrary, ought to be stable and fixed in its place. If it were possible to place at the entrance of the temple the Nile and the Tiber which were brought from Rome, it would have a good effect: M. Vignon must endeavour to introduce them in his ultimate plan. The place must also be selected for the armour of Francis I., and the *quadriga* (triumphal car with four horses) of Berlin. There must be no wood in the construction of this temple. Why may not we employ for the dome, which has been an object of discussion, iron, or even earthen pots? Would not these materials be preferable to wood? In a temple destined to subsist several thousands of years, the greatest solidity possible must be studied, and every thing avoided that may be subject to criticism; and the greatest attention paid to the choice of materials. Granite or iron, such ought to be those of this monument. It may be objected that the present columns are not of granite; but this objection is not a good one, because in time they may be changed, without injury to the monument. Yet, if it were proved that to use granite would cost too much, and be too long in obtaining, we must renounce it; for the principal condition of the project is, that it shall be executed in three or four years, or at the most five. This monument has a political object; it therefore should be terminated quickly. It will be well, however, to seek for granite for other works which I shall order, and

which, from their nature, may occupy thirty, forty, or fifty years in finishing. I intend all sculptures in the interior to be of marble. Do not propose to me any sculptures fit for the drawing and dining-rooms of the wives of Paris bankers. Whatever is futile is not simple, noble; whatever is not of a long duration is unfit for this monument. I repeat, that there must be no kind of furniture in it, not even curtains. As to the plan which has gained the prize, it does not reach my ideas; it was the first that I rejected. It is true I gave for a basis, to preserve part of the monument of the Magdalen as it exists; but this expression is an ellipsis,—it was to be understood that the most possible of it should be preserved, otherwise there would have been no need of a programme; it was only necessary to execute the original plan. My intention is not to have a church, but a temple; and I neither wished that all should be pulled down nor preserved. If the two propositions were incompatible, viz. that of having a temple, or preserving the church of the Magdalen, it was right to attend to the definition of a temple. By temple, I mean a monument, such as there was at Athens, and as there is not at Paris. There are many churches at Paris; these are in every village. I should not have taken it ill if the contradiction had been pointed out between having a temple, and preserving what was intended for a church. The first was the principal idea, the second only accessory: M. Vignon, therefore, divined what I meant. As to the expense fixed at three millions, I do not make it an absolute condition; I wished to be understood, that I would not have another Pantheon,—that of St. Geneviève has already cost above fifteen millions. But in saying three millions, I did not mean that a million or two more should enter into the comparison with having a more less beautiful monument. I might, if necessary, order five, or even six millions; the definitive plan will regulate this.

"You will not fail to tell the 4th class of the Institute, that it was in its own report that I discovered the motives which have determined me. On which I pray God to have you in his holy keeping.

"NAPOLEON."

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PRIZE CHRONOMETERS.

It is often our agreeable task to describe improvements in science and in art which mark the progress of our country in knowledge and refinement; but we do not recollect to have had to notice a more striking proof of the former than we are now about to cite.

The inestimable value to navigation and geography which is to be found in accurate chronometers has (as is generally known) led the Admiralty to offer two annual premiums, one of 300*l.* and another of 200*l.*, for the best instruments that shall be produced of that kind. Their makers send them to the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, where they are kept and tried, their variations carefully noted, and the reward adjudged to the most perfect. On the 1st of May last, of ten out of forty-eight chronometers thus submitted to experiment, and calculated agreeably to the rules of the Board of Longitude, the following was the ascertained order:—

French, No. 373.....	9-52	McCabe, No. 168....	9-52
French.....	9-55	Ellicott.....	9-46
Desgrange.....	9-55	Jackson.....	9-72
Molyneux.....	9-52	Cottrell.....	10-28
Cathro.....	17-03	Webster.....	10-44

From this it appears that Mr. French obtained both prizes, and that, in fact, his chronometers were the only two which came within the defined limit of the first premium. This extraordinary accuracy, it seems to us, therefore, deserves to be more fully illustrated; since, from the official results, it appears that the accuracy of these two time-keepers is most extraordinary, and far surpassing every thing on record; the one varied six-tenths of a second on its mean daily rate during twelve months, while the other varied something less than a second. Their mean daily rates and extreme variations were as follow:—

	No. 373.		No. 975.		Extremes of Temperature at Noon.
	Mean Daily Rate.	Extreme Variation.	Mean Daily Rate.	Extreme Variation.	
1825. May.....	+4-75	1-3	+5-71	1-4	66 to 82
June.....	4-30	1-7	5-54	1-5	754 to 84
July.....	4-14	1-6	1-93	9-6	83 to 83
August.....	4-43	1-4	2-30	9-9	75 to 83
September.....	4-50	0-9	2-36	1-1	74 to 80
October.....	4-65	1-2	2-79	1-4	64 to 85
November.....	4-57	1-2	2-82	1-6	55 to 80
December.....	4-36	1-4	2-51	1-9	53 to 86
1826. January.....	4-52	2-2	2-20	1-4	45 to 85
February.....	4-58	1-3	1-97	1-3	81 to 80
March.....	4-32	1-5	2-07	1-4	60 to 80
April.....	4-50	1-1	2-26	1-1	60 to 85

But we have still to add further evidence of the wonderful correctness of these instruments; having been furnished with the detail of their performances since May, (when the official trial was published,) the one for three and the other for five months, at the Observatory.

	No. 373.		No. 975.		Extremes of Temperature at Noon.
	Mean Daily Rate.	Extreme Variation.	Mean Daily Rate.	Extreme Variation.	
May.....	+4-40	0-9	+2-15	0-9	64 to 82
June.....	4-23	1-3	1-05	2-2	79 to 87
July.....	4-12	2-2	2-63	2-0	78 to 84
August.....	4-45	1-9			78 to 86
September.....	4-72	2-6			79 to 85

To such a degree of curious nicety has Mr. French carried these chronometers! and the scientific and mechanical world, by comparing the same months of 1826 with those of 1825, will see with surprise that one has varied only one second and seven hundredths in fifteen months, while the other has varied only sixty-three hundredths of a second in seventeen months.

Thus an expert navigator could have sailed to China and back again with the one, and not have been out of his longitude more than half a mile,—while, with the other, a voyage might have been performed round the world, and the greatest error need not have exceeded fifty or sixty perches. These facts speak for themselves, and require no further comment. We ought, however, to state, that the above two, and one for which Mr. F. had previously gained a prize, are eight-day chronometers.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ARCHÆOLOGY.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

PROFESSOR SEYFFARTH, of Leipzig, who arrived at Naples on October 3d, had previously passed three months at Rome, where he found and deciphered a very considerable number of Egyptian antiquities, which are not so much in

great museums as dispersed, in the Vatican, the Capitol, the Palace Conservatori, the Propaganda, the Villa Albani, and in the possession of many private persons, besides the thirteen obelisks. Free access to all these treasures was given him in the most liberal manner; and what never before occurred, the copying of the obelisks was executed with the evident good-will of the government, through the intervention of the resident foreign ambassadors, Professor S. himself superintending the work. He found, particularly, an extraordinary number of statues and utensils of the Egyptians, of admirable workmanship, and also many large statues and papyri. The latter are for the most part historical, relating to all the dynasties of the sovereigns of Egypt, from Menes to the times of the Romans; from which it appears, among other things, that Osiris was a real person. He found the picture of a Jew in bonds, as at Munich and Turin, also under a mummy, and with it a writing, from which it clearly appeared, that the state of slavery to which the Jews were reduced was alluded to. Besides these monuments, he met with others of a rarer description and of greater utility. He found the Old and New Testaments in the Seditic, and the Pentateuch in the Memphitic dialect, the Acts of the Councils of Nicea and Ephesus in the Coptic language, also Coptic glossaries and grammars in the Arabic language, from which, among other things, the Coptic numeral system is incontestably demonstrated. Another great curiosity is a Mexican manuscript in hieroglyphics, marked with the Mexican zodiac; from which it is very manifest that the Mexicans and the Egyptians had an intercourse with each other in the remotest antiquity, and that they had one and the same system of mythology.

H. I.

REMARKABLE SCHOOL EXAMINATION.

At a late distribution of prizes among the youths at the school of Lienz in the Tyrol, the ceremony was rendered peculiarly interesting by the circumstance, that an African boy, named Anthony Ferghoella, twelve years of age, dressed in the oriental costume, delivered, with great propriety, an address to the assembly, which excited general sensation. It expressed, in lively terms, the sentiments of gratitude which animated the young African towards the authorities who encouraged the schools, towards his teachers, who zealously devoted themselves to the instruction of the pupils, and towards his second parents and brothers and sisters, who, he said, should never repent of having received a black son and brother from Africa. A passage in the discourse is peculiarly striking, in which the boy says, "During this year I have often thought of the time, when, an uncultivated shepherd, I tended my sheep under the trees of my native land, or, lying in my mother's hut, turned my eyes with rapture to the rising sun, and believed that that was the fairest and the only light. But no! a fairer light is that of the Christian religion, which has risen to me in the school; by the means of which I am taught to acknowledge God, and Jesus Christ whom he has sent: this light dispels the gloom of this sublimary life, and illumines not only a terrestrial globe, but the boundless land of eternity."

OXFORD, Nov. 4.—On Thursday last, the following degrees were conferred:—

*Bachelor and Doctor in Divinity (by accumulation).—*Rev. J. L. Martyn, Trinity College, Grand Compounder.
*Bachelor in Civil Law.—*H. Stonhouse, Fellow of New College.
*Masters of Arts.—*Rev. E. Kempton, M.A. of Trinity

College, Cambridge, *ad eundem.*—Rev. D. Robinson, Queen's College; N. Pearce, Brasenose College; Rev. J. E. Compton, Trinity College; Rev. E. Wickham, Fellow of New College; Rev. W. D. Veitch, Balliol College; Rev. W. W. Lutyens, Pembroke College.
*Bachelors of Arts.—*J. Medley, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; F. W. Newman, Worcester College; T. P. Williams, Magdalen Hall; G. C. Leigh, F. W. Rice, Christ Church; T. F. Boddington, E. H. Buckley, Balliol College; S. T. Spry, A. J. Brine, Exeter College.

AMERICA.

AMONG the learned societies at present existing in the United States of America, a publication of that country contains a list of the following:—1st. The East Indian Maritime Society, at Salem, in Massachusetts, composed of individuals who have visited India, and who contribute their observations. 2d. The American Academy of Sciences and Arts, founded in 1780, at Philadelphia, several volumes of whose memoirs have been published. 3d. The Linnean Society of New England, established at Boston. 4th and 5th. The Franklin Society, and the Philosophical Society, at Providence, Rhode Island, which are united, their object being the same. 6th. The Academy of Sciences and Arts, at Connecticut, founded in 1799. 7th. The Geological Society, organised at Newhaven, in 1819. 8th. The Lyceum, founded in 1823, at Pittsfield, in Massachusetts. 9th. The Society of Arts, of Albany, in New York, four volumes of the proceedings of which have been published. 10th. The Lyceum of Natural History, at Utica, in New York, founded in 1820. 11th. The Society of Chemistry and Geology, at Delhi, in New York. 12th. The Lyceum of Natural History at Tray, 1819. 13th. The Lyceum of Natural History at Hudson, 1821. 14th. The Lyceum of Natural History at Catskill, 1820. 15th. The Lyceum of Natural History at Newburgh, 1819. 16th. The Lyceum of Natural History at Westpoint, 1824. 17th. The Literary and Philosophical Society of New York, founded in 1815, one volume of whose transactions has been published. 18th. The Lyceum of Natural History at New York, which has published a catalogue of the plants that grow spontaneously thirty miles round the city. 19th. A Branch of the Linnean Society of Paris, established at New York. 20th. The New Athenaeum at New York, in which courses of lectures are delivered on scientific subjects. 21st. Literary and Philosophical Society of New Jersey, 1825. 22d. American Philosophical Society, founded at Philadelphia, in 1760. This is the oldest of all the learned societies in the United States: it has published seven volumes of its transactions. 23d. Linnean Society of Philadelphia, 1807. 24th. Academy of Natural Science at Philadelphia, 1818. Four volumes of its journal have already appeared, and the fifth is ready for publication. Its library of natural history is the most complete in the United States. 25th. The Academy of Science and Literature, at Baltimore, founded in 1821. It is about to publish the first volume of its transactions. 26th. Columbian Institution at Washington. The President of the United States is of right its President. It has published a Columbian Flora, and is establishing a botanical garden. 27th. Society of the Museum of the West, founded in 1818, the object of which is to form a complete collection of all the objects of natural history in the country. 28th. Literary and Philosophical Society of Charleston. 29th. The Lyceum of Natural History of New Orleans, 1825. Other Societies are forming, of which the study of natural history seems to be the favourite object.

FINE ARTS.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF ARTISTS, &c.

No. XVII.—Topographical Painting.

THE art of reading nature, to revert to the saying of Sir Joshua, though indispensable to the study of painting, is a faculty not necessarily confined to the professor of that art. The true connoisseur is at least an honorary disciple of her school: hence we could name certain collectors who, to use another phrase, can read a picture with a painter's eye.

The painter, if a master of his profession, (we shall confine our present remarks to the landscape-painter), copies nature under those appearances wherein she is most congenial to his art: so that it is common with persons of feeling and perception, though no connoisseurs, to observe, in viewing many a scene whilst travelling, "How like this is to a picture!" Thus unconsciously, through the medium of graphic imitation, such persons acquire the first rudiments of reading nature. Nothing, then, can be more true than the assertion of a celebrated philosopher, that to view a scene as a painter beholds it, is, at it were, to acquire a new sense. Would that this faculty were taught in all our public schools—it would be the means of expanding the optic faculty to a vast extent of improvement and delight; for through the organ of sight we acquire the greater proportion of our knowledge of things: it would furnish the sensible mind with continual sources of new and useful amusement, and would moreover be of inconceivable advantage to the progress of art. Were all pictures directed to an age of general taste, even graphic dances must improve. This is the age of education; we hope yet to live to see an age of intellect, when not only the painter, but the poet, architect, sculptor, engraver, composer, and indeed every professor of every branch of the polite arts, may address his talents to a public who will know how to appreciate the respective merits of his work; and each ingenious candidate may be secure of a reward in just proportion to his abilities.

It is of vital importance to the tyro in painting, as in every other art, to have his faculties early directed into the right channel for study. The perceptions of the youth who studies professionally may, however, discover a path for himself, as did the three illustrious examples whom we have so often quoted; though such instances are rare. With the amateur of art it is entirely different; for however great the talent of such may be, the not giving the whole mind to the study renders such an expectation hopeless. It is, therefore, of the greatest consequence to those to seek such professors to teach them the principles of the art as have proved their competency to the task. Nothing can demonstrate the general ignorance of these matters, even among people of condition, notwithstanding this boasted epoch of education, than the appointment of such very inferior artists as we could name to the important office of preceptors. It is owing to this indiscriminate selection that art is scandalised, and that those professors who should be preferred to these appointments, however lucrative, decline the occupation of teaching, because they feel conscious that the professor would sink into the insignificance attached to the designation of drawing-master.

It is interesting to look back to the general state of the landscape department prior to the epoch when Wilson and Gainsborough threw new light upon that delightful branch of art. We have adverted to the works of George

Lambert and Taverner, who, by the way, was not a professional artist, being a proctor of considerable practice in Doctors' Commons. John Wootton, the horse-painter, at this period occasionally practised in landscape; and he too is said not only to have approached towards Gaspar Poussin, but sometimes to have happily imitated the glow of Claude Lorraine. Of these, and most others of their day, it may be pretty generally said that they practised in three styles; one not their own, the second woolly, and the third when not woolly—hard.

The frequency of comparison of the works of the English landscape-painters of this period with those of the great Italian painters, we may venture to affirm, arose out of the circumstance of the scarcity of genuine pictures of these masters to compare by. The vilest imitations, even copies of copies, were consigned to the British metropolis; and all found purchasers at that mighty mart for all wares.

It was from spurious examples like these, that the landscape-painters, a century ago, studied their art. It can easily be supposed, then, that men of talent, such as Lambert, Taverner, Wootton, and others, really were, occasionally produced pictures equal to their prototypes. An aptitude at imitation, great practice, and a hand gifted with execution, might not unfrequently enable them not only to surpass these examples, but even to savour of the manner of the true pictures, which these artists must sometimes have seen in certain collections in the houses of our old nobility. These too, in common with professors of all ages, may be said to have sometimes excelled themselves,—and thus, under the inspiration of a lucky star, have produced works really worthy of praise. Judging, however, by what we have seen, and from what we have gathered from the opinions of others, we still remain incredulous as to the reputed powers of these rivals of Poussin and Claude.

To substantiate the fact of the general poverty of the picture galleries of this period, and onwards until of late, we need only refer to the catalogues of public picture sales from the reign of George the First to the early part of that of our late sovereign. We have lately looked through a large manuscript volume, containing memoranda of the catalogues of picture sales, the names of their proprietors, and the prices, in a continued series for about sixty years,—and the low sums which are affixed to the works of all the greatest masters of the most renowned schools, amount to sufficient evidence of the classic rubbish that had been purchased for the true labours of the illustrious of old. But if these old English worthies, however ingenious they might be, had even had within their ken a stock of examples of genuine Italian pictures, still, by their mode of practice, they would have made no figure in art. They were at best mere imitators of the manner of others; and never studying from nature—as their great predecessors had done—they must have remained imitators, though they had lived and wrought thus erroneously for ages.

We cannot look back to this period, however, without the indulgence of pleasing and interesting associations, as connected with the names of those early professors of our native school: nor can we forbear the expression of our regret that we have not the means of tracing the art of painting, through all its stages, with the same satisfactory evidence that has been furnished by the intelligent authors who have given to the world the history of the progress of our native literature.

That most interesting department of art denominated topographical, however, for which the British school is pre-eminent, has proceeded so successfully, yet so unexpectedly, to its present high state of excellence, that its history cannot be contemplated by the admirers of art but with the most lively interest.

Lambert, Taverner, Wootton, and their compeers, as we have observed, rarely applied to nature for their studies. It was the same with a number of foreign artists who practised here at that period: of these, however, the names of but few are preserved in any printed record, and their works are only to be found in the country mansions of the great old families. The principal, indeed almost the only, encouragement to the artists who practised landscape at this period, was derived from the teaching of drawing: these being, then, employed only by the higher families, it is in the possession of their descendants alone, with few exceptions, that the specimens of their art can be found. Those who delight in graphic research might amply gratify their curiosity by collecting notices of these curious remains, and produce a volume that could not fail to interest an extensive class of readers in this age of anecdote and analytical inquiry.

Amongst these teachers there were some whose drawings and sketches possessed considerable merit; for though the greater part were compositions, yet some were tastefully designed, and most were wrought with neat and dexterous execution. The foreign artists, having been the disciples, though by some removes, of the distinguished painters of old, yet retained something of that taste, as far as it could be applied in the execution of black-lead pencil, chalks, and washes in bistre and Indian ink, which had remained to this period of the general declension of the fine arts.

To these succeeded Chatelain, Pillement, and some few others of less note, who were celebrated teachers. Pillement drew with great neatness in chalks; but his compositions were artificial. His trees, however, are occasionally touched with a light, elegant looseness; and his small drawings, which were almost invariably executed in one colour, were much admired. Chatelain drew with less accuracy; though the designs of each, as it appears, are made up of scraps stolen from, or recollections of, the landscape compositions of the ancient masters. Chatelain was accustomed to make small drawings, hatched in a loose style, in chalk, and aided in effect by bistre and Indian ink: these, on the authority of the late Captain Baillie, being considered by Gainsborough capable of more than their author conceived, led him to sketch with the same materials,—when, enamoured by the facilities which these materials afforded for expressing the workings of his fertile imagination, he soon acquired such a mastery over them as to astonish the cognoscenti with his magical designs. Up to this period, topographical painting had made but slow advances. This passion for compositions, even in the hands of Gainsborough, may be said to have amounted to little more than a species of ingenious idling: its fascinations were such, indeed, that the rage for thus sketching and composing *ad libitum*, became so general, that correct drawing was voted pedantic, and the study of nature considered an occupation almost obsolete.

We owe to the liberal spirit and penetration of the late Alderman Boydell a great share of the improvement in the landscape department of art. The diffusion of knowledge in the great features of composition, extended to the rising

school through the medium of the series of fine engravings issued through his means, threw a new light on that important feature of art. Hitherto the young artists had been taught to look up to the compositions of these picturesque designers: they were now afforded the opportunity of seeing the sterling compositions themselves, which, though rendered only in black and white, and by lines, conveyed so intelligent an idea of the feelings of the great masters from whom they were copied, as to inspire them with a desire to emulate such works, by seeking knowledge at the same fountain from which they had been so lavishly supplied. The landscapes engraved by Chatelain, Vivares, and others, from Poussin and Claude, have been studied as exemplars by almost all our landscape painters—but particularly by the founders of the Water-colour school—with advantages, supplied by their own perceptions, which none could appreciate but the intelligent few whose joint talents have contributed to the perfection of that truly British art. With these prints alone, whilst other coeval schools had the superior advantages of numberless original pictures of the same class, from which they were at best but translations, the existing fraternity of artists, then in their youth, established that school of landscape-painters which suffers not in comparison with the greatest of those of the times past, and with which no existing schools can compete.

Sandby, Rooker, and Hearne, should here be noticed for their ingenious labours in the formation of this our present school. It is true that neither of the works of these can be classed with paintings: the style of each aspired to nothing higher than tinted drawings. But it is due to the reputation of these departed worthies to ascribe to their discernment and good taste the departure from the profitless method of composing from the works of others, by going to nature for their theme. That they did not accomplish all that has been done since, is in the nature of things; for as "Rome was not built in a day," so neither is it to be expected that the re-founders of a great lost art were to live to see the entire completion of the structure which they had so meritoriously projected, and so ably advanced.

Wilson's compositions, as is well known, were chiefly Italian. Gainsborough's were of an English character; but neither were strictly topographical. It would seem, indeed, that our island was supposed not to afford sites sufficiently romantic or classic for topographical imitation, as all our painters, up to this time, had neglected to portray its scenery. De Louthborough, a foreign artist, was the first to remove this prejudice; for after making a tour of the lakes in Cumberland, and subsequently a short excursion to North Wales, he expressed his surprise at the British landscape-painters seeking subjects abroad, observing, that he had travelled to remote regions in search of the picturesque, but had nowhere discovered finer themes for the pencil than our own. The magnificent topographical subjects which he so ably painted and exhibited at the Royal Academy for a succession of years, were the most satisfactory comment upon his enlightened dictum; and from his time we have seen this branch of study pursued with an ardour only equalled by the extraordinary success with which it has been cultivated—until, indeed, we can boast a great national school of landscape-painters.

Nothing could be more erroneous than the complaint of the artists of former days of the want of subjects for graphic imitation. Scarcely

a square mile of our island can be found that does not afford a theme for the painter's imitative art. Wynants could charm with his expressive pencil even in the representation of a sand-bank, a pollard willow, a duck-pond, and a few green rushes.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

The Christian Virgin to her Apostate Lover, during the Siege of Jerusalem by the Romans.

Oh! dear as the wreath with which friendship has bound us,
Let the voice of affection be heard ere we part;

Oh! soft as the dews which are falling around us,
Let the voice of affection sink deep in thy heart.

Full oft when welay by the whispering palm tree,
As the starlight was sleeping on Siloe's springs,

Thou hast loved the sweet harp, whose wild magic could calm thee,
Thou hast loved the light fingers that play'd on its strings.

Once more let us sing,—but of no fabled story,
Of a sweeter, a nobler theme let us sing;
Of Sion's redemption, of Israel's glory,
And think on her victim, her Saviour, her King:

On Him who was lord of the regions above,
Yet for man all the joys of those regions forgot,
Attended by Mercy, and Pardon, and Love,
Who came to his own, and his own knew him not.

Behold him despised, and rejected of men,
Belied by his friends, and reviled by his foes;
He lifts not his voice, he reviles not again,
Though the sharp pangs of insult be heaped on his woes.

Behold him led forth, as a lamb to the slaughter,
In fate's darkest moments so calm, so serene,
While callous and cold Sion's merciless daughter
In mockery looks on the harrowing scene.

But, lo! as the Lord of creation expires,
His head on his bosom so mildly reposed,
In horror the sun from heaven's centre retires,
And the veil of amazement o'er nature has closed.

Ah! see where the spirit of terror is riding,
All pale on the foam of the blackening wave;
Or look where the rocks at her nod are dividing,
And Death holds no longer the keys of the grave.

And then through the regions of darkness resounded

The shrieks of despair in the wildness of pain,
As the Saviour, with Triumph and Honour surrounded,
Returned to the throne of dominion again.

And shall not his might—oh! the warm tear is streaming—
It speaks all the feelings thou canst not control:

Oh! thanks, mighty God, to thy mercy redeeming—
The grace of thy Spirit works strong in his soul.

Let us fly, then, to Pella, where Christ has provided
A retreat for his own from the arm of the stranger;

E'en there shall our God, till his wrath has subsided,

Remember his flock in the moments of danger.

E'en thus, when with death's gloomy waters beside us,
Hope tremblingly points to the seats of the blest.

His aid shall be with us, his mercy shall guide us
To the realms of his glory—the haven of rest.

A. K.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

BUONAPARTE AND TALMA.

A WORK called *Souvenirs Historiques sur la Vie et la Mort de F. Talma*, by M. Tissot, has just been published at Paris. The following are some interesting extracts from it.

"Every body knows that our celebrated actor had frequent conversations with Napoleon, of which he availed himself to improve in the theatrical art. If Napoleon frequently resorted to declamation and quackery in his political life, he was by no means fond of them on the stage. In his interviews with Talma, he was constantly adverting to the excesses of action and voice in the theatre. Speaking to him of the part of Nero, in *Britannicus*, he said, 'I would wish to see in your representation of it more of the contest between a bad nature and a good education. I should like also fewer gestures; persons of that kind do not display themselves; they are more concentrated. At the same time, I cannot sufficiently praise the simplicity and nature to which you have generally reconducted tragedy. In fact, when dignified individuals, whether they owe their elevation to birth or to talents, are agitated by passion, or influenced by important ideas, they no doubt speak a little loudly, but their language is not less simple and natural. For instance, at this moment you and I speak as all people speak in conversation. But you and I are making matter for history.'

"Another time, the character of Caesar, in the *Death of Pompey*, was under discussion. 'In pronouncing,' said Napoleon, 'that long tirade against kings in which the following verse occurs—

Pour moi, qui tiens le trône égal à l'infamie!

Caesar does not believe a word of what he is saying. He talks in that manner because his Romans are behind him, whom it is his interest to persuade that he regards a throne with horror. He is far from thinking that the throne, already the object of his wishes, is a contemptible thing. The actor ought, therefore, to be very careful not to make him speak as if he was himself convinced of the truth of his sentiments.'

"In another conversation, Napoleon said, 'Talma, you often call upon me in the morning; what do you see here? Princesses, who have been deprived of their lovers; princes, who have lost their dominions; ancient kings, whom war has deposed from their supreme rank; great generals, hoping or asking for crowns. I am surrounded by disappointed ambition, ardent rivalry, unexpected catastrophes, griefs hidden at the bottom of the heart, afflictions which burst forth outwardly. All this undoubtedly is tragedy. My palace is full of tragedy. I am assuredly myself the most tragic personage of the age. Well! Do you see us throw our arms aloft,* study our gestures, assume attitudes, affect airs of grandeur? Do you hear us exclaim? No. We speak naturally; as every body speaks who is inspired by an interest or a passion. And so, before me, have behaved the persons who have occupied

* Apologising for the bathos of the comparison, this reminds us of Lance's expostulation to his dog Crab:—
'Did you ever see me —?'—Ed.

the stage of the world, and also performed tragedies on the throne. These are examples to contemplate.'

"A political event of great importance grew out of one of these conversations. It was the measure which gave the Jews in France civil rights. In the early part of July 1806, the tragedy of *Esther* was performed at court. The morning after, Talma appeared, according to custom, at the emperor's breakfast table; at which M. de Champagny, then Minister of the Interior, was also present. The conversation turned on the play of the preceding evening. 'That Ahasuerus was a miserable king,' said Napoleon to Talma; and the instant after, addressing himself to the minister, 'What is the present state of the Jews? Make me a report on the subject.' The report was made; and in about a fortnight after this conversation, government, on the 26th of July, 1806, convoked the first assembly of Notables among the Jews, the object of which was to fix the destiny of that nation, and to give it a legal existence in France."

DRAMA.

"Ne quid falsi, dicere audent; deinde
Ne quid veri, non audent."

KING'S THEATRE.

MR. EBERS has announced the opening of the King's Theatre for the 25th of the present month; and has, we understand, been making strenuous exertions to form an efficient company both in opera and ballet. This zeal is highly creditable to him; and it must ever be remembered that he has very difficult and stubborn materials to work upon and manage. The opening opera is to be Spontini's *Vestale*.

COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW tragedy called *Foscari* was produced here on Saturday last. It is from the pen of Miss Mitford, the authoress of *Our Village*, and several little domestic sketches, and of the tragedy of *Julian*, also represented at this theatre. The plot, which is constructed with some ingenuity, may be thus described. *Count Errizzo*, a Venetian noble, whose mind is swayed by hatred and ambition, has long cherished a design by which the elder *Foscari*, the present doge, shall be dethroned, and he himself be chosen in his stead. To advance his views, he persuades *Donato*, another senator, who has been refused some trifling boon, to join him in the intrigue; and their plan works so successfully, that the deposition of the aged monarch is fearlessly proposed and favourably listened to in open senate. Just, however, as the matter is about to be settled to the satisfaction of the conspirators, *Francesco*, the younger *Foscari*, returns victorious from the wars; and hearing what has past, not only charges the council with ingratitude, but, after announcing his success in battle, plucks the ducal bonnet from his father's head, and, depositing his sword upon the table, threatens the immediate retirement of himself and his venerable parent. This bold measure, and some bitter reproaches from the young general, produce a change in the minds of the senators; and the doge is once more solemnly invested with the cap of office. We now learn that *Francesco* is betrothed to *Camilla*, old *Donato's* daughter; and it is arranged, with the consent of her brother *Cosmo*, his friend and companion, that an interview between him and his mistress shall take place in her father's house at midnight. The notice of this meeting is overheard by *Errizzo*, and an assassin is immediately em-

played to waylay and despatch him; but, by some accident, which is not properly explained, (we dare say owing to theatrical exigency, for the sake of effect, and not to the authoress's original plan,) the youth escapes, and old *Donato* becomes the victim of the murderer. The scene now changes to the ducal palace, where a grand entertainment is given in honour of the conqueror's return; but no sooner has the hero made his bow, and is about to commence the dance, than *Cosmo* and *Errizzo* rush into the presence to relate the dreadful event that has occurred; and, notwithstanding his protestations of innocence, they fix upon *Francesco* as the perpetrator of the crime. A trial of course ensues; and here, upon circumstantial evidence, such as *Francesco* being seen to quit the house at the moment of the murder, and his sword being found sheathed in the body of the senator, he is found guilty, and sentenced to perpetual exile. His mistress *Camilla*, on the other hand, notwithstanding appearances, still believes and almost knows him to be innocent; and she therefore determines, contrary to the commands and entreaties of her brother, to unite her fortunes with the sufferer, and go forth with him to banishment. Nothing now remains, then, but that the exiles should take their departure. The old man, tottering on the brink of the grave, takes his last leave; and all is ready,—when *Cosmo* rushes in and claims his sister—high words ensue between him and his former friend—*Camilla* retires for assistance—*Francesco*, stigmatised as a coward, asks for a sword, which is given him by *Errizzo*—they fight,—and upon the return of *Camilla*, she finds that her lover has been destroyed by her brother's hand. To render all this the more distressing, a messenger appears to inform us that the real murderer has confessed his crime. *Francesco*, rejoiced at the declaration of his innocence, then expires in the arms of his mistress and his father, whilst *Cosmo* mourns his luckless end, and *Errizzo* is taken from the stage exulting in the success of his villany and the gratification of his revenge. From this slight sketch, our readers will perceive that Miss Mitford has by no means closely adhered to the historical facts, and that her drama bears no resemblance whatever either as to time or action to the tragedy of the *Foscari* by Byron; but that she has taken a detached portion of the history, and filled up the details from her own imagination. That the tragedy, notwithstanding the interest of the story, will be eminently successful, we do not expect. The authoress has not always made the most of her situations; nor does there appear to us (judging as we must do hastily from a single representation), that there is sufficient power or vigour of writing in the dialogue. As a whole, however, it reflects no little credit upon her talents; and when we take into consideration the remarkable fact, that, with the single exception of the *Perey* of Hannah More, there is no such thing upon our stage as a successful tragedy from a female pen, we ought still more warmly to express our satisfaction at the result, if not anticipate with sanguine hopes, that the knowledge of stage effect, which practice can alone impart, will enable Miss Mitford, at some future time, to give the world a more complete and a more perfect composition. The performers, one and all, seemed animated with the spirit of gallantry, and exerted themselves most strenuously in their several characters. C. Kemble, in the younger *Foscari*, must have been all that the authoress or the audience could desire—never did he look more youthful—or move more gracefully—or deliver his

speeches in a more chivalrous and impassioned tone than upon this occasion:—a knight *sans peur et sans reproche* can find no representative upon the modern stage in any way to be compared with this accomplished actor: his scene with the senate, in particular, was beautifully played, and called down, as it merited, the loud and long-continued applauses of the public. Mr. Young assumed the ducal ring and diadem of Venice. It is needless to observe, that every thing which his great and acknowledged talents could do for the character of the doge was done by him; but the part falls off greatly after the first two acts; and beyond the kindness, benevolence, and decrepitude of the old monarch, there was little to express. Upon the trial of his son, instead of bursting out, as we expected he would, in the language of parental sorrow, the father is only made to drop a tear and shroud himself in silence. The *Camilla* of Mrs. Sloman is a delicate and affecting performance—the scenes of tenderness and passion are particularly well acted. Mr. Warde's *Errizzo* is also a very clever and finished performance. Of Mr. Serle's *Cosmo* we wish to speak favourably:—he has judgment and good sense, and in level speaking, or a passage of feeling such as his exhortation to *Donato* at the council table, he is highly respectable; but when he is compelled to be more animated, it is really quite a misery to listen to him—his voice becomes harsh and unpleasant, and his style is then characterised by laborious effort and painful exertion: how often did we wish that we could have exchanged this gentleman for Cooper or Abbott. In other hands, we doubt much if *Cosmo* would not have been the best part in the tragedy. The scenery is good,—the dance in the third act pretty,—and the dresses, especially those of Young and Charles Kemble, splendid and appropriate. A prologue, of very ordinary stuff, telling us about "Shylock's knife" and "Othello's wife," was spoken by Mr. Serle; but there was no epilogue. The tragedy was well received throughout, and announced for repetition *next*. The house was full.

AT HOME.—Mr. Mathews, we observe, is about to give a series (six evenings) of his entertainments at the English Opera House, commencing with the *Trip to America*, on Thursday next.

Mr. MACREADY has made his *début* in New York, and, as might have been anticipated, the journals which criticise his performances speak of them in terms of wonder and delight.

Mr. SINCLAIR is on a tour among the Scots theatres, and will be in Edinburgh about Christmas, where his native notes have not been heard for a long time. More competent judges of their high cultivation could nowhere be found.

VARIETIES.

Flattering Preference.—A Genoese Jew, of the name of Bonzo, who traced his descent only from Bonz, King David's great-grandfather, was lately banished from France for stealing a watch, and illegally practising medicine. His sole intreaty was, that he might be sent to England!

Novel and Curious Manufacture.—M. Habenstreet, of Munich, an old officer, by patiently directing the labour of caterpillars within a limited space, has succeeded in producing an entirely new and very extraordinary kind of fabric. These caterpillars are the larva of a butterfly known by the name of *finca punctata*,

or, according to other naturalists, *finca pallida*. Their instinct leads them to construct above themselves a covering (*tenie*) of extreme fineness, but nevertheless firm enough to be impenetrable by air; which covering can be easily detached from them. The inventor has made these insects work on a suspended paper model, to which he gives exactly the form and the size which he requires. He has thus obtained at pleasure, among other articles, square shawls of the dimensions of an ell; shawls two ells in length and one in width; an aerostatic balloon, four feet high by two in horizontal diameter; a lady's entire dress, with sleeves, but without seam. When he wishes to give to the fabric any prescribed shape, all that he finds necessary is to touch the limits which ought not to be passed with oil; for which the caterpillars have a natural repugnance, so strong, that they will not come in contact with it.—It may easily be conceived, that the number of caterpillars necessary must depend on the size of the fabric required. Two caterpillars, at most, are enough to produce an inch square of this fabric; so that, after all, the number requisite is not so great as might at first be imagined. The fabric, although perfectly consistent, surpasses the finest cambric in lightness. The balloon which we have mentioned weighs less than five grains. The warmth of the hand is sufficient instantly to inflate it; and the flame of a single match, held under it for a few seconds, is enough to raise it to a very considerable height, whence it will not descend for half an hour. When a shawl of the size of a square ell has been well stretched, it has been blown into the air by means of a small pair of bellows, and then resembles a light smoke, subject to the slightest agitation of the atmosphere. M. Habenstreet offered to give this shawl to a gentleman who visited him, if he could make it fall on his head. This was impracticable, for when the shawl was descending and approached his body, the exhalation of animal heat agitated the air sufficiently to cause it hastily to rise again. The dress with sleeves, and without a seam, M. Habenstreet presented to the Queen of Bavaria, who had it mounted on another dress, and has worn it on several great occasions. Of course, M. Habenstreet has not obtained his object without the exercise of great patience, and without a long succession of experiments. This singular manufacture has no analogy to the manufacture of silk-stuffs, the threads of which are interwoven; whereas the threads of which the new manufacture is composed are placed one above the other, and glued together as they quit the caterpillar. M. Habenstreet can, however, give to this fabric the degree of thickness he desires, by making his caterpillars pass repeatedly over the same plain. Nor is the labour so tedious as may be supposed, for a shawl of a square ell in size costs only eight francs!

English Sheep.—A very large flock of pure Leicestershire and South-down sheep has recently been imported into France, for a society in Paris, established for the improvement of French wool. Many of the great agricultural proprietors in that country are beginning to substitute English sheep for the native breed.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Waverley Novels.—Our contemporary the Morning Chronicle (generally well informed in its notices of literary matters) has lately been misled, and has consequently misled the public, on the subject of a new novel by the Author of Waverley. The Chronicle states, that an Irish subject has been taken for this production; but we can assure our readers, that the *Novel* is not only not Irish, but entirely Scottish, the ground on which the author shines most brightly. The title is, "The Chronicles of

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